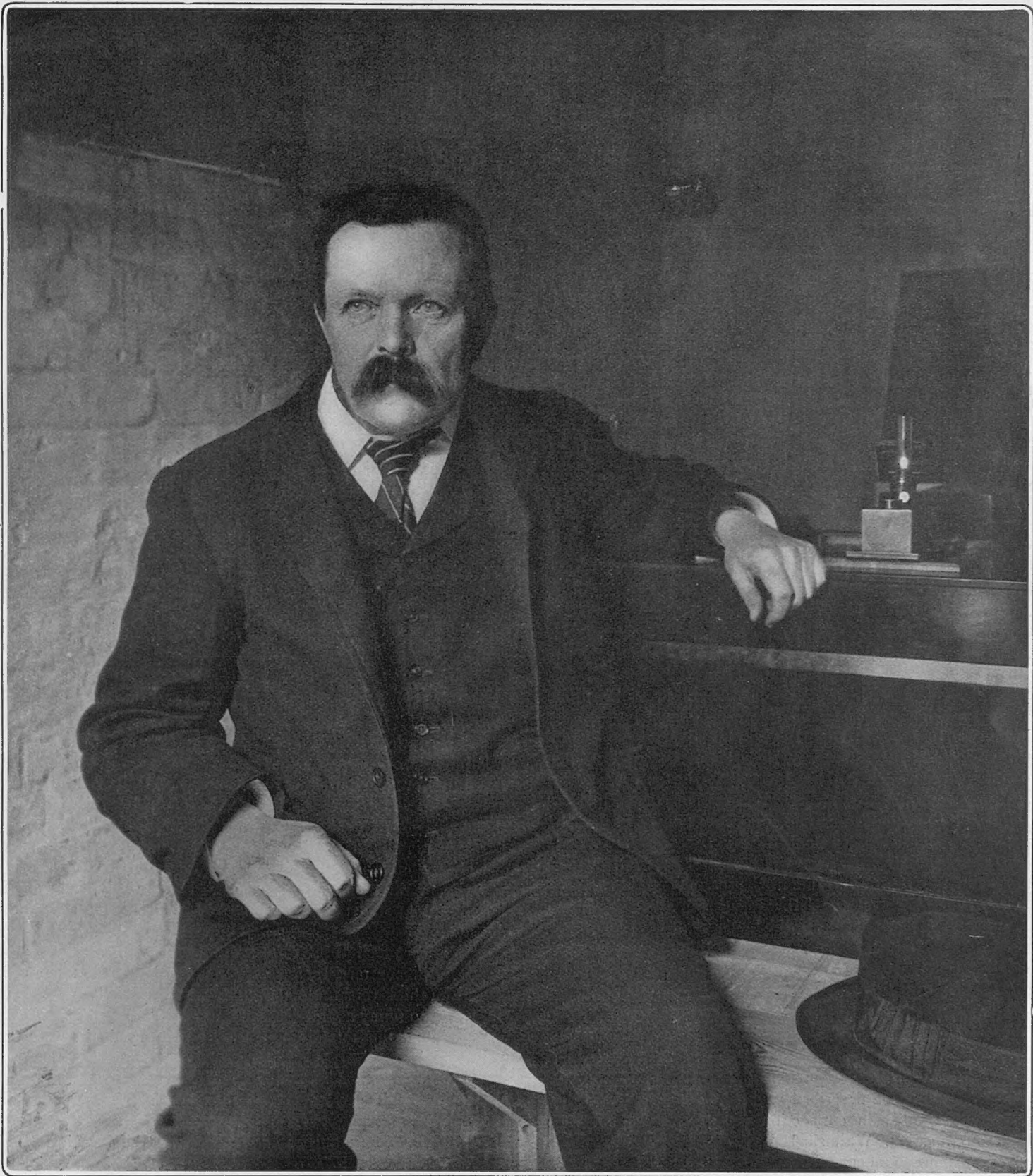




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WEDNESDAY, APRIL 12, 1905.

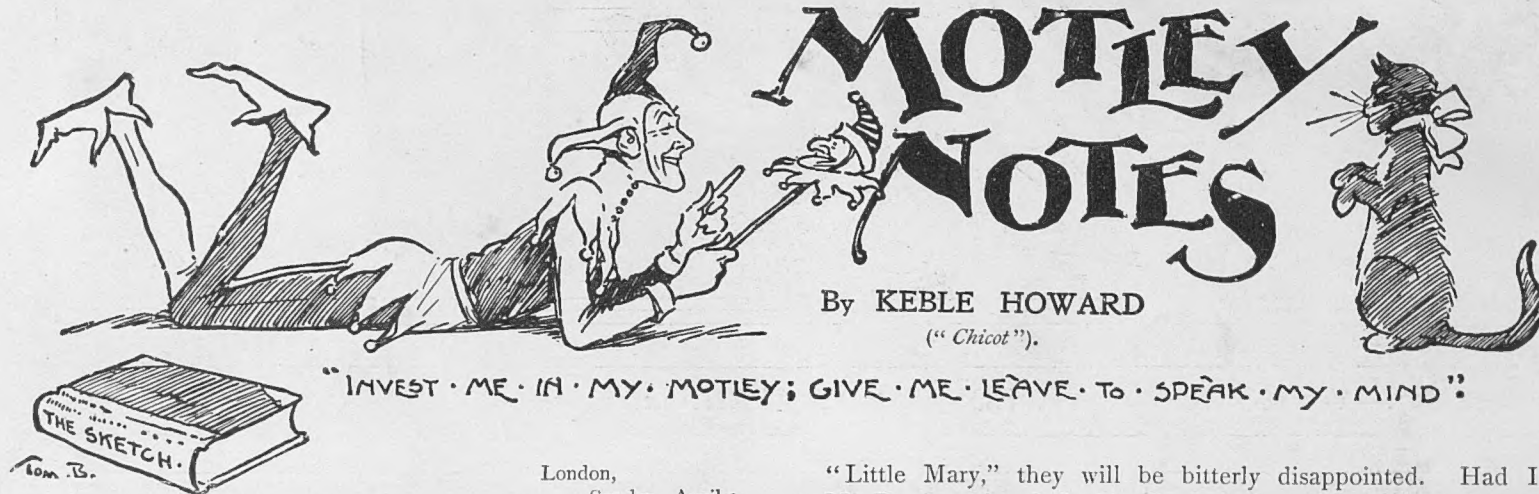
SIXPENCE.



THE FIRST MAN IN ENGLAND TO KNOW OF THE INDIAN EARTHQUAKE: PROFESSOR JOHN MILNE,
AND THE SEISMOGRAPH WHICH REGISTERED THE SHOCKS.

Professor Milne, F.R.S., who courteously gave our photographer a special sitting, is one of the greatest authorities on earthquakes, and has sought his knowledge at home and abroad; indeed, over almost all the world. The manner in which records such as that which enabled the Professor to name the precise time of the disastrous occurrence in India are made is best described in the distinguished seismographist's own words, as given to the "Telegraph": "Exhibiting a strip of bromide paper which indicated the record of the Lahore earthquake, the Professor said: 'The paper has been moving by means of a clockwork arrangement. Underneath the pointer of the earthquake instrument an image of the end of this pointer of the seismograph has been impressed, by means of a small light which is always kept burning, on this photographic film. When there is no earthquake, this image is represented by a straight line; but when there is a disturbance, the pointer moves from side to side and gives a series of waves on the photographic film, from which you can see the time of the disturbance, when it reached its maximum, and when it ended.'" The working of the seismograph is fully illustrated in next

Friday's "Illustrated London News."



By KEBLE HOWARD

("Chicot").

"INVEST · ME · IN · MY · MOTLEY; GIVE · ME · LEAVE · TO · SPEAK · MY · MIND"

London,
Sunday, April 9.

LET us be flippant! . . . No; on second thoughts, I have a few disjointed remarks to make on three rather gloomy subjects.

The first is "Hamlet," the second is "Othello," the third is "Alice Sit-by-the-Fire." Those are the three plays that I witnessed last week. "Hamlet"—to begin with the most cheerful—was produced at the Adelphi on Tuesday, and proved to be a very tasteful, very spirited, very interesting revival. Mr. H. B. Irving played the Prince in workmanlike style, and Mr. Lyall Swete was excellent as the doddering Polonius. The dress-rehearsal, by the way, was attended by a large number of young women who, I was told, were being trained as school-teachers. Their admiration of Mr. Irving's performance was unbounded, and they received many of the more serious lines with roars of laughter that testified to their thorough appreciation of Mr. Otho Stuart's hospitality. Polonius's beard, for example, amused them intensely, and at the real first performance I quite missed the almost hysterical shriek of merriment that on the previous afternoon had greeted the line, "Let her not walk i' the sun." The new curriculum, it is evident, includes a special course in Humour. Perhaps that accounts for the fact that the grave-digging scene was received in stony silence. I must make further inquiries on the point. In the meantime, Mr. Owen Hall had best look to his own.

The revival of "Othello" is under the management of Miss Tita Brand, who follows Miss Olga Nethersole at the Shaftesbury Theatre, and thus arrays herself amongst the distinguished actress-manageresses of the twentieth century. Miss Brand, of course, plays Desdemona, the Othello being Mr. Hubert Carter. The best performance of the evening was certainly the Emilia of Miss Granville, who, when she discovered that Mr. Carter had been smothering Miss Brand with the pillows, gave the stupid fellow the scolding that he richly deserved. I wish the school-teachers in embryo had been there to hear her. I feel sure they would have been wildly delighted when Emilia cried, "O gull! O dolt! As ignorant as dirt!" They would have stored the phrases in their memories for use on a future occasion, as when some luckless brother, for instance, upset the ink-pot over a precious piece of fancy-work, or some equally luckless husband forgot to call at the Stores and order four pounds of the best moist sugar. Mr. Henry Ainley looked very sweet as Cassio. It seemed a little hard, however, that the youth should be compelled to cut short his schooling in order to rule in Cyprus. There is no doubt that he, too, would have had the full sympathy of the teachers in embryo. Mr. J. H. Barnes played the villainous Iago. It was easy to see that he was considerably annoyed about something.

"Alice Sit-by-the-Fire" (who is in the right to claim no connection with our dear, familiar old friend, "Lob-lie-by-the-Fire") is a new play by Mr. J. M. Barrie, seen for the first time on Wednesday last at the Duke of York's Theatre. Mr. Barrie, unfortunately both for us and for himself, has evidently made up his mind never again to do anything that cannot be described as "whimsical." Indeed, the term is almost as familiar in connection with Mr. Barrie as with that celebrated comedian, Whimsical Walker, whose professional cognomen, I presume, first gave Mr. Barrie the idea of writing a play called "Walker, London." Be that as it may, Mr. Barrie will be Whimsical Barrie for all time, and if the critics care to supplement the description with another adjective or two, they may employ, on the authority of the *Times*, any of the following adjectives—"inimitable, incomparable, freakish, fanciful, fascinating, original, quaint, delightful." It remains to be seen what adjectives the paying public will apply to "Alice Sit-by-the-Fire." If they go expecting to see a "Peter Pan," an "Admirable Crichton," or even a

"Little Mary," they will be bitterly disappointed. Had I been Mr. Barrie—whoo! the blasphemy makes me shudder!—I would have cut down this nimble burlesque to two short Acts and presented it, for one performance only, before a special audience composed of playwrights, players, and enthusiastic admirers on the daily and weekly Press. (I include the last-named because, under no circumstances, should I have liked to miss the first Act of the piece, or the exceedingly clever performance of Miss Irene Vanbrugh.)

As some relief from such a dose of playgoing, I paid a visit, one afternoon last week, to the "Zoo." I had not been to the "Zoo" since 1881, partly because I could never remember where it was, and partly because, on that occasion, I fed an elephant with a pocket-handkerchief. Elephants, as we all know, have memories as long as their trunks, and for years and years afterwards I used to lie awake o' nights thinking what a dreadful thing it would be if I met that elephant again when he was not securely imprisoned. An inviting hansom and a bright afternoon, however, made away with both objections, and I was presently lost in an economic speculation as to the actual reason for the existence of the giraffe. Have you ever wondered about that, friend the reader? I must confess that, for my own part, I have rarely given the creature so much as an idle thought. Friday, though, is my day for worrying, and I determined that, before leaving the Zoo, I would do my utmost to discover the why and wherefore of the giraffe. As it happened, there was a gentleman in the uniform of the Society sitting on a seat in the giraffe-house. He had a copy of the evening paper with the largest circulation in one hand, and a toothpick in the other. Judging, therefore, that he was not, at the moment, deeply absorbed in some abstruse zoological study, I stepped up to him, raised my hat, and asked him if he would kindly inform me, in passing, why giraffes had such long necks.

The zoologist looked up in slow surprise. "Eh?" he replied.

"Would you kindly tell me," I repeated, "why giraffes have such long necks?"

The gentleman, to whom the toothpick stood in much the same relation as a cigarette to an actor or a fan to an actress, studied me carefully from head to foot and foot to head, glanced for sympathy at a lady who was trying to persuade her nephew not to eat the buns that had been bought expressly for the elephants, looked again at my boots, shrugged his shoulders, and then returned to his paper.

Thereupon, I made so bold as to sit down by him on the bench.

"Don't think me too persistent," I said, softly, "but any information on the point that you can give I shall receive with the utmost gratitude."

"Not ser much of it," observed the zoologist.

"On the contrary, there seems to me to be far too much of it."

"You think yerself bloomin' funny, don't yer?"

"Not so funny as the giraffes."

"What's the matter with 'em?" He eyed the creatures dispassionately.

"Nothing, I trust."

"Why can't yer let 'em alone, then? They never done you no 'arm."

"On the contrary, they have given me the heartiest laugh I've enjoyed for a month."

The gentleman curled his lip. "If I was you," he retorted, "I should look in the glass. Then, p'raps, you might see summat ter laugh at."

"Now you're getting cross, you see, and all because I wanted to know why giraffes had such long necks. You won't deny, I suppose, that they *have* long necks?"

Once again the zoologist ran his eye over his charges. "Can't say I ever noticed it meself," he said, wearily.

MR. CARNEGIE'S GIFT OF THE SKELETON OF A 70-FOOT DIPLODOCUS TO THE KING,
AND WHAT MAY COME OF IT IF IT SETS A FASHION.



As we note on another page, Mr. Carnegie, the American millionaire, is reported to have presented the King with the skeleton of a Diplodocus discovered in Bone-Cabin Quarry, Wyoming. The remains are said to have been brought from America in thirty-six sealed cases, and to have been deposited in South Kensington Museum.

DRAWN BY RALPH CLEAVER.

THE CLUBMAN.

Bouillabaisse—The Earthquake in India—An Experience at Manilla—The Lahore Tiger.

HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN has eaten Bouillabaisse at the Reserve de Roubion at Marseilles, and she has won the hearts of all the Marseillais by asking that the *recette* should be given her. The Provençals will believe that in future no feast at Buckingham Palace will be complete without the great dish of the South. I see that Thackeray's ballad of Bouillabaisse is quoted as showing what the savoury mixture is, but the great English writer, when he ate roach and dace in the fish-stew at a Parisian tavern, no more ate the real Bouillabaisse than a Frenchman would eat Irish-stew if he were given mutton cutlets and boiled potatoes in a Soho restaurant.



THE WINNER OF BRIGHTON FOR THE LIBERAL PARTY: MR. E. A. VILLIERS.

Mr. Ernest Amherst Villiers was once a clergyman, but took advantage of the Clerical Disabilities Relief Act to resign his orders. He is actively interested in philanthropic work, and is a Director of a Gold-mining Company.

Photograph by Kent and Lacey.

There is only one Bouillabaisse, and that is made on the borders of the Mediterranean, out of fish which swim in the Mediterranean. The devotees of the dish say that it can be eaten in its absolute purity only at the little inns of Villefranche, where the fishermen and sailors go for their meals. I am always bold in the cause of gastronomy, and I went to one of these to try the stew. I never knew how strong rank oil, garlic, and saffron combined could be until I tried this experiment, and I have been contented ever since to take my fish-stew as M. Echenard serves it at the Roubion, or as Madame Ré, who learned the art of cookery at the Roubion, gives it to me at the white restaurant above Monte Carlo.

There are five fish essential to a Bouillabaisse, as it is understood in the land of its birth—the rascas, who is a choleric-looking little fellow, all head and eyes, the eel, the langouste, the girelle, and the mackerel. If I found some of the fat little soles which are caught between Toulon and Hyères in the stew, I should not quarrel with the cook. The Roubion Reserve is for those who have a delicate palate and a fairly long purse. Any man who is daring and wants to see what Marseillais cookery is like in the rough should try a "Braadade," or a mixed stew of all the little monsters of the deep, cuttlefish, and hedge hogs, and suchlike, frizzling in oil and rough wine, as Bregailloa's at the Vieux Port serves it.

No one who has not experienced an earthquake can appreciate the helpless feeling that even a slight one brings to everybody within its radius. The sensation is of being dizzy and of finding that everything you want to cling to for support is staggering also. I felt several slight earthquakes in Japan and in the Philippines, both of which groups of islands are well in the line of shocks, and I had no wish to experience anything more severe. To hear the window-shutters begin to rattle and a picture fall, to see the lamp swing, to notice the sound of

cracking wood and of falling plaster, to get the disagreeable feeling of dizziness which precedes a fainting-fit, give one quite a sufficient feeling of helplessness without experiencing more severe phenomena.

Once, in Manilla, at the mess of one of the big business-houses, the man sitting next to me at dinner told me, if I could, without being noticed, to set the chandelier a-swing. I did so, and, as soon as he caught sight of the swinging ornament, the man sitting at the head of the table, who had been many years on the island, ran from the room and made for the cellars. I was very sorry for my practical joke when I heard that he had lain once, for a day, under a beam which just held up a mass of masonry, which would have crushed him to death had the wood not stood the strain.

I was in India when a great earthquake shook to pieces the hill-station of Darjeeling, and I heard at first-hand the terrifying experiences of the people who passed through the horrors of the shocks. Great crevasses opened in the earth and closed again, the shape of hillsides changed, roads disappeared, streams were engulfed. It was said then, as is said now, that the Himalayas were moving in their growing-pains. After this particular series of shocks the natives who had land on the lower slopes asked that there should be a fresh survey of their property, because the shape and extent of their fields had changed.

It is a great mercy that this earthquake occurred when it did, and not a month later. At this time of the year the exodus to the hills has begun, but Dharmasala was not crowded with ladies and children and officers on leave, as it would have been at the end of this month. Simla, where the shock was severely felt, has a large population of Europeans all the year round, and Lady Curzon has gone there earlier than usual this year, so as to escape the heat while she is convalescent. The Viceregal Lodge, one of the chimneys of which fell through the roof and crashed through an upper floor, luckily not breaking through to Lady Curzon's room, is a comparatively new building, which has taken the place of Peterhof, which was the

Viceregal abode which Kipling has sung of in his Departmental Ditties.

The Zoological Gardens at Lahore, where the birds and beasts were put into such great fear by the earthquake, contain a very fine collection of animals. The finest Bengal tiger in the world is, or used to be, in one of the cages, and I remember all Northern India being warned that the animal had escaped and was at large and dangerous. For two days no one near Lahore cared to go abroad at night, but one

morning the keeper through whose carelessness the animal had escaped met the tiger walking quietly along one of the station roads. He called the animal by name, made obeisance to him as the embodiment of Kali, then unrolled his cummerbund, put it round the tiger's neck, and led the great cat quietly back to its cage.



THE NEW HEAD-MASTER OF ETON: CANON THE HON. AND REV. EDWARD LYTTELTON.

Mr. Lyttelton leaves Haileybury to become Dr. Warre's successor at Eton. He is, of course, a younger brother of the Colonial Secretary. He and each of his seven brothers were all at Eton, and all played in the Eleven.

Photograph by R. W. Thomas.



ARTISTIC WEARY WILLIES AND TIRED TIMS: MEMBERS OF THE LONDON SKETCH CLUB AT THEIR RECENT "UNEMPLOYED" DINNER.

Reading from left to right and starting from the back, those figuring in the group are Messrs. De la Bere, Harold Goldthwaite, Lawson Wood, Champion Jones, W. S. Parkyn (in the back row); H. May Hemsley, Starr Wood (next to the gentleman in "evening-dress"), P. Wadham, Cecil Aldin, Edkins Clarke, Lee Hankey, Edgar L. Patterson, J. W. Gilmer, E. A. Norbury; John Harker, Walter Churcher, W. P. Ritchie (second row from the front); John Hassall (the policeman); Broughton Black, J. Protheroe, H. Sandham, and Lance Thackeray.

Photograph by E. H. Mills.

EASTER HOLIDAY RAILWAY ARRANGEMENTS.

LONDON, BRIGHTON AND SOUTH COAST RAILWAY.

PARIS, ROUEN, AND DIEPPE AT EASTER.—14-DAY EXCURSIONS. Via NEWHAVEN. Thursday, April 20, from Victoria 9.45 a.m., 10 a.m., and 2.15 p.m. and London Bridge 10 a.m. (1st and 2nd Class), and Wednesday, Thursday, Friday, and Saturday, April 19 to 22, from Victoria and London Bridge 9.10 p.m. (1st, 2nd, and 3rd Class). Fares, Paris, 39s. 3d.; 30s. 3d.; 26s.; Rouen, 35s. 3d.; 27s. 3d.; 23s. 8d.; Dieppe, 32s.; 25s.; 20s.

DIEPPE.—THURSDAY TO TUESDAY CHEAP RETURN TICKETS.—From London Bridge and Victoria, Thursday, Friday, Saturday, Sunday, and Monday, April 20 to 24. Fares, by Day or Night Service, 1st Class 30s., 2nd Class 22s., and by Night Service only, 3rd Class 16s., available for return up to April 25. 1st and 2nd Class Tickets are also issued by a Special Afternoon Service leaving Victoria 2.15 p.m. Special Programme at Dieppe Casino April 20 to 25.

Details of Continental Manager, London Bridge Terminus.

M I D L A N D R A I L W A Y.

THE BEST ROUTE FOR COMFORTABLE TRAVEL AND PICTURESQUE SCENERY.

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With bookings from City, Greenwich, and Woolwich Stations, Will be run to ALL PARTS of

THE MIDLAND COUNTIES, DERBYSHIRE, LANCASHIRE, YORKSHIRE, THE LAKE DISTRICT, IRELAND, AND SCOTLAND.

PROGRAMMES FREE ON APPLICATION to the Company's District Superintendent, St. Pancras; Thos. Cook and Son, Ludgate Circus, and Branch Offices; or to any MIDLAND STATION-MASTER or AGENT in the London District.

EXTENSION OF WEEK-END TICKETS.

Cheap Week-end Tickets will be issued on Thursday, April 20, as well as on Friday and Saturday, April 21 and 22, from London (St. Pancras) to the principal Seaside and Inland Holiday Resorts, including the Peak District of Derbyshire, Morecambe, the Lake District, Yorkshire, the North-East Coast, Scotland, and other parts, available for return on any day up to and including Tuesday, April 25, except day of issue. Cheap Week-end and Day Excursion Tickets will also be issued to Southend-on-Sea during the Easter Holidays.

For ordinary train-service arrangements, see the Company's Time-Tables, &c.

Derby.

JOHN MATHIESON, General Manager.

G R E A T N O R T H E R N R A I L W A Y.

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NORTH OF ENGLAND,

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MIDLANDS AND EASTERN COUNTIES.

Cheap Tickets will be issued to

EDINBURGH AND SCOTLAND GENERALLY.

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HULL.
SHEFFIELD.
MANCHESTER.

HARROGATE.
LEEDS.
BRADFORD.
HALIFAX.
NOTTINGHAM.
DERBY.
LINCOLN.
GRIMSBY, &c., &c.

For full Particulars, see Programmes, to be obtained at the Company's Stations, Town Offices, and Agencies.
OLIVER BURY, General Manager.

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Choose the RIGHT Route for your
EASTER HOLIDAYS.

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REFRESHMENTS RIGHT.

CHEAP FARES RIGHT.

ALL RIGHT.

A.B.C. PROGRAMME OF COMPLETE EXCURSION FACILITIES from London (Marylebone), Woolwich, Greenwich, and Metropolitan Stations to THE MIDLANDS, NORTH OF ENGLAND, NORTH-EAST AND North-West Coasts, Scotland and Ireland, can be obtained, free, on application at MARYLEBONE STATION OR ANY OF THE COMPANY'S TOWN Offices or Agencies.

London.

SAM FAY, General Manager.

EASTER on the CONTINENT by the HARWICH-HOOK OF HOLLAND Royal British Mail Route, leaving London every evening and arriving at the chief Dutch cities early next morning.

Dining and Breakfast Cars on the Hook of Holland Express.

GERMANY.—Accommodated Service via the Hook of Holland. Restaurant Cars on the North and South German Express Trains.

BELGIUM.—Brussels.—Cheap Return Tickets. The Ardennes, &c., via Antwerp, daily (Sundays excepted).

Direct Service to Harwich from Scotland, the North, and Midlands. Restaurant Car from York.

HAMBURG by G.S.N. Company's Fast Passenger Steamers from Harwich April 20 and 22.

Particulars of the Continental Manager, Liverpool Street Station, E.C.

SOUTH-EASTERN AND CHATHAM RAILWAY.

EASTER HOLIDAYS.

PARIS, via FOLKESTONE-BOULOGNE, or DOVER-CALAIS,

First Class 58s. 4d., Second Class 37s. 6d., Third Class 30s., available by 2.20 p.m. and 9 p.m. Services from CHARING CROSS on April 19, 20, 21, and 22; also by 10 a.m. Service on April 20. Returning from Paris any day within 14 days. For Return Times, see Handbills.

BRUSSELS and Back, via CALAIS or BOULOGNE, 22s. 11d., via OSTEND 18s. 4d., tickets available for 8 days.

CHEAP SATURDAY TO MONDAY TICKETS, also Special 8-Day Tickets, will be issued to BOULOGNE and CALAIS; and 8-Day Excursions will be run to OSTEND, AMSTERDAM, THE HAGUE, &c. Continental Services as usual during the Holidays. A Special Express will leave Victoria (S.-E. and C.) at 8.50 p.m. for Dover, on Thursday, April 20, in connection with the Boats to Boulogne, Calais, and Ostend respectively.

TUNBRIDGE WELLS, ST. LEONARDS, HASTINGS, BEXHILL, CANTERBURY, WHITSTABLE, HERNE BAY, BIRCHINGTON, WESTGATE, MARGATE, BROAD-STAIRS, RAMSGATE, SANDWICH, DEAL, WALMER, DOVER, FOLKESTONE, SHORNCLEIFFE, HYTHE, SANDGATE, and NEW ROMNEY (LITTLESTONE-ON-SEA), CHEAP RETURN TICKETS will be issued from LONDON by certain Trains on Thursday, Friday, and Saturday, April 20, 21, and 22, available to return on Tuesday, April 25, by any Train (Mail and Boat Expresses excepted).

CHEAP DAY EXCURSIONS on GOOD FRIDAY and EASTER MONDAY from the principal LONDON STATIONS to ASHFORD, CANTERBURY, DEAL, TUNBRIDGE WELLS, GRAVESEND (for Kosherville Gardens), HASTINGS, BEXHILL, WHITSTABLE, HERNE BAY, BIRCHINGTON, RAMSGATE, BROADSTAIRS, MARGATE, HYTHE, SANDGATE, FOLKESTONE, DOVER, &c.

CHEAP DAY EXCURSION to ALDESHOT on BANK HOLIDAY, leaving CHARING CROSS at 9.24 a.m. Return Fare 3s., Third Class.

CRYSTAL PALACE (HIGH LEVEL) on BANK HOLIDAY. Return Tickets (including admission) will be issued from London.

For full particulars of the above Excursions, Extension of Time for certain Return Tickets, Alterations in Train Services, &c., see Special Holiday Programme and Bills.

VINCENT W. HILL, General Manager.

LONDON AND SOUTH-WESTERN RAILWAY.

EASTER EXCURSIONS

From LONDON (WATERLOO) and certain SUBURBAN STATIONS to the PRINCIPAL HEALTH AND PLEASURE RESORTS

OF THE

SUNNY SOUTH

AND SOUTH-WEST COASTS,

DEVON, CORNWALL,

&c., including

ILFRACOMBE, EXETER, PLYMOUTH, Wadebridge, Camelford, Padstow, Lyme Regis, Swanage, WEYMOUTH, BOURNEMOUTH,

The ISLE OF WIGHT, &c.

EXTRA TRAINS and SPECIAL FACILITIES for Passengers holding Ordinary and Week-End Tickets.

PARIS AT EASTER.

14-Day Excursion Tickets from WATERLOO, &c., via Southampton, to the FRENCH COAST, for

PARIS, NORMANDY, BRITTANY, &c.;

Also to the CHANNEL ISLANDS.

For full particulars, see Programmes, obtainable at the Company's Stations and Offices, or from Mr. Henry Holmes, Superintendent of the Line, Waterloo Station, S.E.

CHAS. J. OWENS, General Manager.

LONDON AND NORTH-WESTERN RAILWAY.

EASTER HOLIDAYS.

CHEAP EXCURSIONS will be run from EUSTON, KENSINGTON (Addison Road), BROAD STREET, WOOLWICH, GREENWICH, WILLESDEN JUNCTION, and other London Station, as follows:—

ON WEDNESDAY, APRIL 19, to Ireland for 16 days.

ON WEDNESDAY NIGHT, APRIL 19, to Blackpool, Carlisle, English Lake District, Furness Line Stations, Liverpool, Manchester, Maryport, Preston, Stockport, Warrington, and principal Stations in Lancashire, returning April 24, 25, and 28.

ON THURSDAY, APRIL 20, to North of Ireland, via Greenore, for 16 days.

To Birkenhead, Birmingham District, Blackpool, Bolton, Bradford, Burton, Buxton, Chester, Derby, English Lake District, Furness Line Stations, Leicester, Liverpool, Manchester, Northampton, North Staffordshire Stations, Rugby, Preston, Southport, Stockport, Warrington, and principal Stations in Lancashire and Yorkshire, returning April 24, 25, and 28.

To North, South, and Central Wales, returning April 24, 25, and 29.

ON THURSDAY NIGHT, APRIL 20, to Carlisle, Liverpool, Manchester, Maryport, Stockport, Warrington, and principal Stations in Lancashire, returning on April 24, 25, and 28.

To Carlisle and Scotland, returning April 24, and within 18 days.

ON FRIDAY, APRIL 21, to Birmingham District, Northampton, Rugby, returning same day and on April 22, 24, and 25.

ON SATURDAY NIGHT, APRIL 22, to Crewe, Liverpool, Manchester, Oldham, Rugby, Stockport, Warrington, &c., returning April 24, 25, 26, and 29.

ON MONDAY, APRIL 24, to Birmingham District, Northampton, Rugby, returning same day and on April 25 and 29.

ON EVERY SATURDAY UNTIL FURTHER NOTICE, to Bedford, Bicester, Bletchley, Blisworth, Brackley, Buckingham, Leighton, Rugby, Woburn Sands, and Wolverton, returning same day or following Sunday or Monday.

To Newport Pagnell, returning same day or following Monday.

* No bookings from Woolwich or Greenwich by these trips.

CHEAP WEEK-END TICKETS will be issued on Thursday, Friday (where train service permits), and Saturday, April 20, 21, and 22, to Aberystwyth, Barmouth, Carlisle, Church Stretton, Grange, Lancaster, Leamington, Llandrindod, Llanwrtyd, Llangamarch, Malvern, Morecambe, North Wales, Stratford-on-Avon, Windermere, Aberdeen, Edinburgh, Glasgow, Greenock, Inverness, Montrose, Oban, Perth, Stirling, and other places, available for return any day except day of issue up to and including the following Tuesday.

For Times, Fares, and full particulars, see Bills, which can be obtained at the Stations and Parcels Receiving Offices, or on application to Enquiry Office, Euston Station, London, N.W.

London, April 1905.

FREDERICK HARRISON, General Manager.

HIS MAJESTY'S THEATRE. MR. TREE.
EVERY EVENING (except Mondays), at 8.30,
A MAN'S SHADOW
(for a limited number of performances).
Luversan MR. TREE.
Lucien Laroque
MATINEE EVERY SATURDAY at 2.30.

GARRICK.—MR. ARTHUR BOURCHIER and MISS VIOLET VANBRUGH.—EVERY EVENING at 8.30 in THE WALLS OF JERICHO, by Alfred Sutro. MATINEES WEDNESDAY and SATURDAY, 2.30.

PRINCE OF WALES' THEATRE.—Lessee and Manager, MR. FRANK CURZON. MR. GEORGE EDWARDES' SEASON. EVERY EVENING at 8.15. LADY MADCAP. MATINEE EVERY WEDNESDAY at 2.15.

WYNDHAM'S THEATRE.—Proprietor, Sir Charles Wyndham. Sole Lessee and Manager, Mr. Frank Curzon. EVERY EVENING at 8.45. MR. HOPKINSON. An Original Farce in Three Acts by R. C. CARTON. Preceded at 8.15 by MR. NELSON JACKSON. MATINEE EVERY SATURDAY at 3.

SHAFTESBURY THEATRE.—Tita Brand's Season. EVERY EVENING, at 8, OTHELLO. MATINEE APRIL 15, at 2. HOLY WEEK, the Old Morality Play, EVERYMAN, will be given by arrangement with Mr. Wm. Poel. Everyman, Miss E. Wynne Mathison. MATINEE, APRIL 17, 19, and 22, at 3.

IMPERIAL THEATRE. MR. LEWIS WALLER.
TO-NIGHT at 8.30 (LAST FOUR NIGHTS),
MONSIEUR BEUCAIRE.
MR. LEWIS WALLER and MISS EVA MOORE.
LAST TWO MATINEES TO-DAY (WEDNESDAY) and SATURDAY NEXT at 2.30.

LONDON HIPPODROME.
Chairman, MR. H. E. MOSS.
TWICE DAILY, at 2 and 8 p.m.
AN ENTERTAINMENT OF UNEXAMPLED BRILLIANCE.

THE COLISEUM, CHARING CROSS.
FOUR PERFORMANCES DAILY, at 12 noon, 3 o'clock, 6 o'clock, and 9 o'clock.
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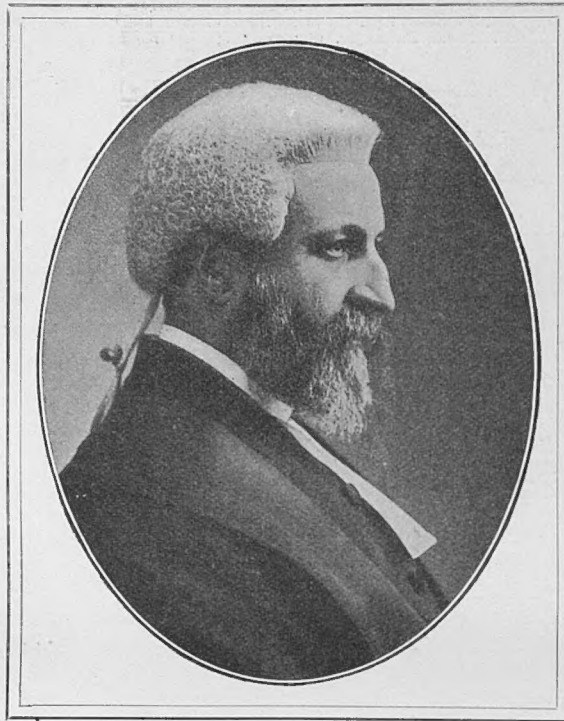
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April 12, 1905.

Signature.....

THE LATE "SIR FRANCIS JEUNE."

LORD ST. HELIER, far better known as Sir Francis Jeune, a title he only exchanged a couple of months or so ago on his retirement from the Presidency of the Probate, Divorce, and Admiralty Division, did not live long to enjoy the honour he had so well earned, his lengthy illness culminating in his death on Sunday last. There is very little doubt that Lord St. Helier's days were considerably shortened by the strenuous nature of his career. Always a hard worker, and never, perhaps, one of the strongest of men, he had of late years frequently been compelled to abandon his duties for a time, and, after his retirement, his health showed no signs of mending. Trained largely before Parliamentary Committees and in Ecclesiastical Courts, he yet proved the wisdom of his selection by Lord Halsbury as successor to Sir Charles Butt. His career, useful although it most undoubtedly was, and always before the public, cannot be said to have been in any way sensational, but he was the participator in at least one historic trial, that of the Tichborne Claimant. His earliest clients, Baxter, Rose, and Norton, gave him his chance in this, sending him to Australia to obtain evidence on behalf of the Claimant. His experiences in the Divorce Court are said to have had an effect upon him that one would have hardly expected, for, on his own showing, they impressed him with the goodness of human nature.



THE LATE LORD ST. HELIER (SIR FRANCIS JEUNE),
EX-PRESIDENT OF THE DIVORCE COURT.

Photograph by Elliott and Fry.

THE
ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

APRIL 15.

THE GREAT EARTHQUAKE
IN INDIA:

THE SCENE OF THE DISASTER.

REGISTERING EARTHQUAKES.

THE NAVAL MOVE IN THE FAR EAST.

PRICE SIXPENCE.

EDITORIAL OFFICE: MILFORD LANE, STRAND, W.C.
PUBLISHING OFFICE: 172, STRAND, W.C.



LADY HERBERT, WHO IS COMING TO ENGLAND.

Lady Herbert, who is coming to England with her sister, Mrs. Goelet, is the widow of the late Sir Michael Herbert, British Ambassador to Washington. She was one of the beautiful Miss Wilsons.

Photograph supplied by the Press Picture Agency.

us, and they can spare me quite well!" A little story which went the round of Paris and much delighted its hearers.

The Prince of Wales.

The news that the Prince of Wales had been compelled to undergo a slight operation burst on the country last week like a thunder-clap. At first, there was some uneasiness lest the reassuring terms in which the announcement was worded should be too sanguine, but the public soon became aware that the operation, whatever its nature, has, indeed, been slight and unimportant. Following in this the example of Queen Victoria, King Edward has always made it his policy to take his devoted people into his confidence, but it is a curious fact that the public mind is never prepared, as might so easily be done, when announcements of this nature are about to be made. A week before our beloved Sovereign's momentous illness, His Majesty was declared, on the highest authority, to be "in perfect health"; and the operation recently performed on Princess Victoria was apparently unlooked for by even the large circle who are on terms of personal friendship with our Royal Family!

Lady Herbert.

Lady Herbert is coming to England with her sister, Mrs. Goelet, and she will receive a warm welcome from the late Sir Michael Herbert's large circle of relations and friends. Before her marriage to the distinguished Englishman

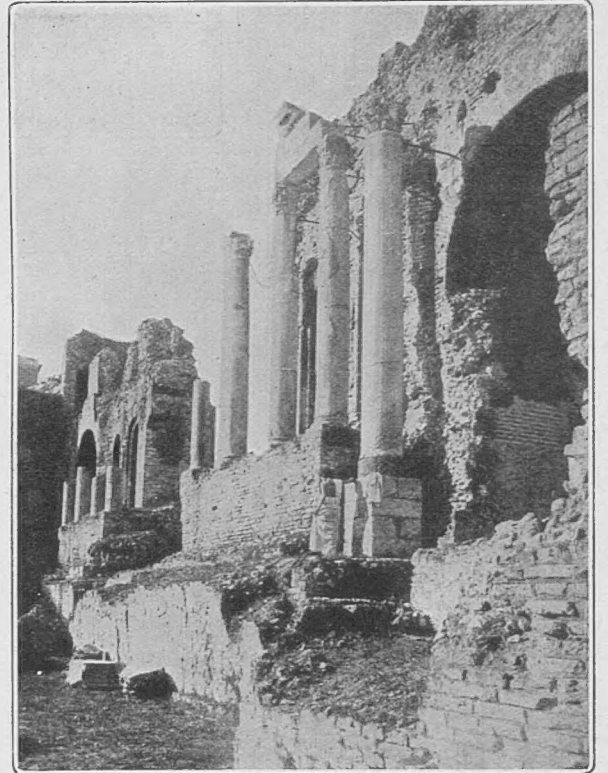
SMALL TALK *of the* WEEK

At the present moment there is no more popular personage in France than the Sovereign whom his Gallic hosts style "le Roi Edouard." His Majesty first won the hearts of the Parisians when he was a very small boy; in fact, in 1855, when he accompanied Queen Victoria to France for a week's visit. The future King enjoyed himself so well that at the end of the time he begged the Empress Eugénie to keep him yet a little longer as her guest. When she pointed out that his parents would certainly miss their little son, the Prince exclaimed, "Not do without me! Don't fancy that, for there are seven more of

whose premature death was so great a loss to British diplomacy, Lady Herbert was Miss Lelia Wilson, one of three beautiful and brilliant sisters who all made great marriages—the one becoming Mrs. Ogden Goelet, the other Mrs. Cornelius Vanderbilt, and the third Lady Herbert. Lord Pembroke's sister-in-law has become quite English; she brings up her two young sons—of whom the eldest is named Sidney, after his famous grandfather, Lord Herbert of Lea—in the English rather than in the American way, and it is thought that she will spend a great portion of each year in Europe.

Taormina.

Taormina, hanging like an eagle's nest on the ledge of a Sicilian mountain, has become quite famous of late as a health-resort, and the German Empress is staying there to benefit one of her delicate younger sons. Should he join the Empress, the German Emperor, who inherits his British mother's love of beauty, will delight in the exquisite



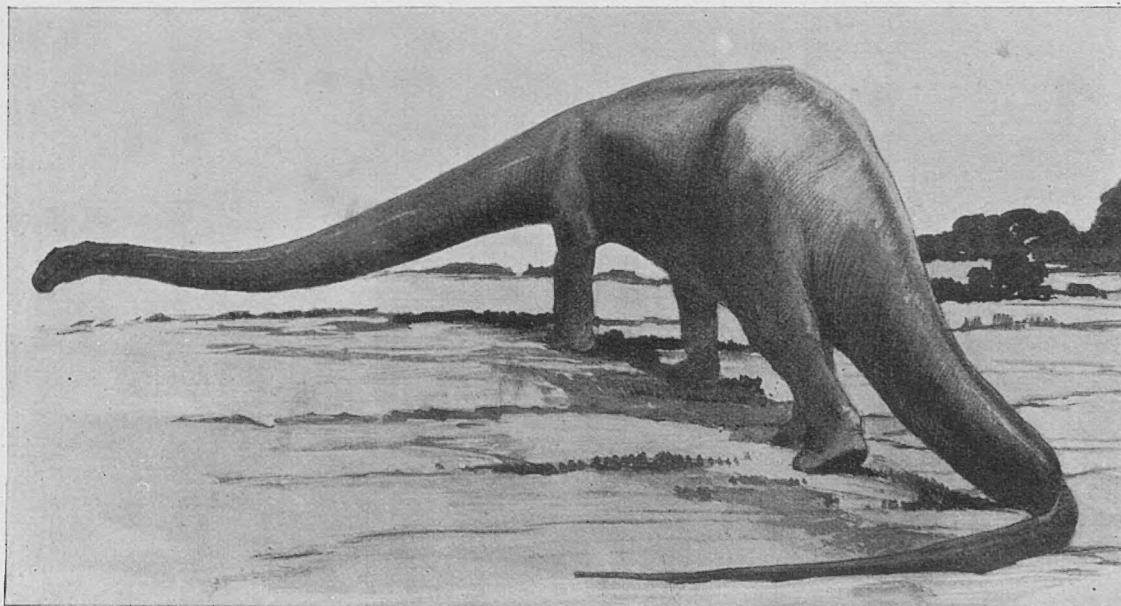
THE REMAINS OF THE GREEK THEATRE AT TAORMINA, WHERE THE GERMAN EMPEROR HAS "BOUGHT UP" AN HOTEL FOR A MONTH FOR THE USE OF THE EMPRESS AND ONE OF HIS SONS.

Taormina, on the east coast of Sicily, is famous for the remains of a Greek theatre rebuilt by the Romans. This could hold forty thousand spectators.

loveliness of this Sicilian town, of which the houses and the monster hotels, which are a recent feature of the place, command marvellous views of the sea and of Mount Etna. His Imperial Majesty actually took the whole of one of the principal hotels, in order that the Empress might enjoy the complete privacy by which Royal personages set such store.

Mr. Chamberlain's First Eye-glass.

The attractions of the monocle which has proved such a godsend to the many who have caricatured him are said to have first become patent to Mr. Chamberlain when he was taking part in amateur theatricals, although this hardly conforms with a drawing we remember to have seen, in a paper devoted to the journalism of religion, showing the afterwards famous politician as eye-glassed teacher in a Sunday School. The character he is said to have sustained is that of Puff in Sheridan's "The Critic." Another opportunity for the "greatest asset of the Liberal Party": we present it to "F. C. G." Had it been Mr. Partenopex Puff in a stage-version of Disraeli's "Vivian Grey" matters would be different.



A STRANGE GIFT FOR THE KING: THE "LONG-LIMBED" DINOSAUR DIPLODOCUS (RESTORED), REMAINS OF WHICH HAVE BEEN PRESENTED TO HIS MAJESTY BY MR. CARNEGIE.

It is reported that the skeleton of the Diplodocus which has been received at the South Kensington Museum has been sent as a present to the King by Mr. Carnegie, of Free-Library and other fame. The remains were discovered, as were those of the Dinosaur illustrated last week, in Bone-Cabin Quarry, Wyoming, and were brought to this country, in six-and-thirty sealed boxes, by Dr. W. J. Holland, of the Carnegie Museum, one of the greatest American authorities on antediluvian animals. In life, the long-limbed Dinosaur Diplodocus was between 68 and 70 feet long.

By courtesy of the American Museum of Natural History.

*The King of
Spain's Bag.*

Alfonso XIII., whose matrimonial projects are causing so much gossip just now, has developed into a great sportsman during the last few years. His bag for the past two or three seasons includes no fewer than four thousand rabbits, nearly two thousand partridges, two hundred and eighty head of big game, one hundred and ninety pheasants, thirty hares, twelve snipe, one eagle, and, horrible to relate, one fox. This last item he will be well advised not to boast of when he pays his visit to England. The young King is accompanied on his sporting excursions by his two Chief



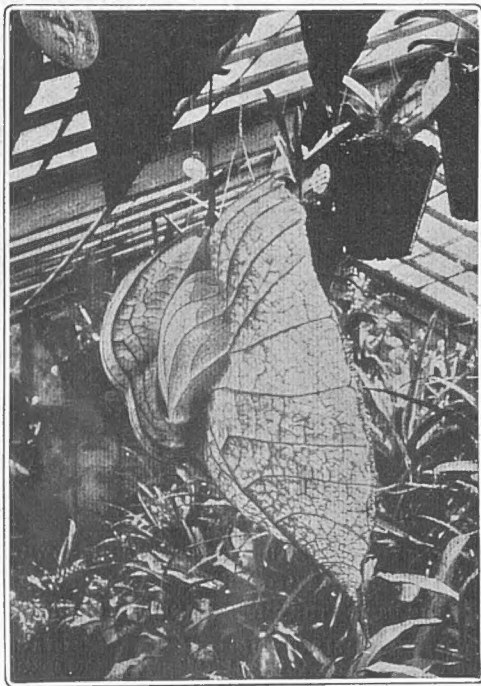
"THE YELLOW SLAVES" OF THE RAND ENJOY THEMSELVES: CHINESE COOLIES EMPLOYED AT THE FRENCH RAND GOLD-MINE ABOUT TO START A SUNDAY PROCESSION.

Photograph by Simpson.

over his work and loiter away his life," at the cost of some seventy-five pounds a year to the country. What an elysium for some of the working-men of to-day!

A Buttermilk's Paper.

It is not in Germany that one would expect to find innovations in the newspaper world. But the *Generalanzeiger* of Eberswalde has just issued an announcement addressed to its lady readers in which it says that, having noticed the inconvenience which is caused by the printer's ink coming off on the butter, cheese, and meat which is wrapped up in the paper, it will for the future print



AN 18-INCH BLOSSOM THAT CATCHES INSECTS: A SIDE-VIEW OF THE ARISTOLOCHIA GIGAS.

There are some 180 species of *Aristolochia*, of which seven are found in the United States. The curious flowers of the plant vary greatly, both in form and size, but are all constructed in such a way that they imprison any insects visiting them. Certain species have a reputation as remedies for snake-bites.

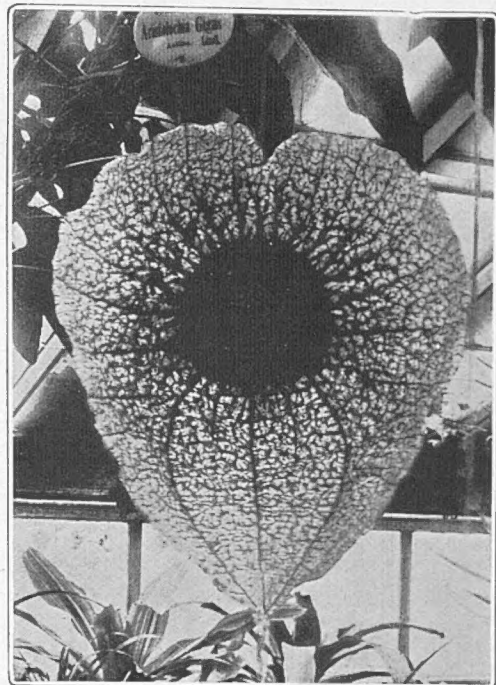
Huntsmen, the Marquess de la Mina and the Count de San Roman, and by his private medical-man. All the game shot in the Royal preserves is, with the exception of a few head given to friends or to members of the Diplomatic circle, distributed amongst the poor of Madrid.

"Lèse-Majesté" as a Living.

An ingenious out-of-work painter, one Hartmann, has discovered that the board and lodging carried by a sentence for *lèse-majesté* is a good deal better than no board and lodging at all, and has promptly put his knowledge to practical use, insulting—is it necessary to say?—the Kaiser, and thus ensuring a

two numbers a week on one side of the paper only. But, in order that the numbers printed on one side only may not contain less reading-matter than usual, the issues in question will comprise double the ordinary number of pages. It is rumoured that the rival paper will do better than this, for it will not only print the paper on one side, but will wrap up in it a slice of sausage or a piece of cheese, whichever its readers may desire.

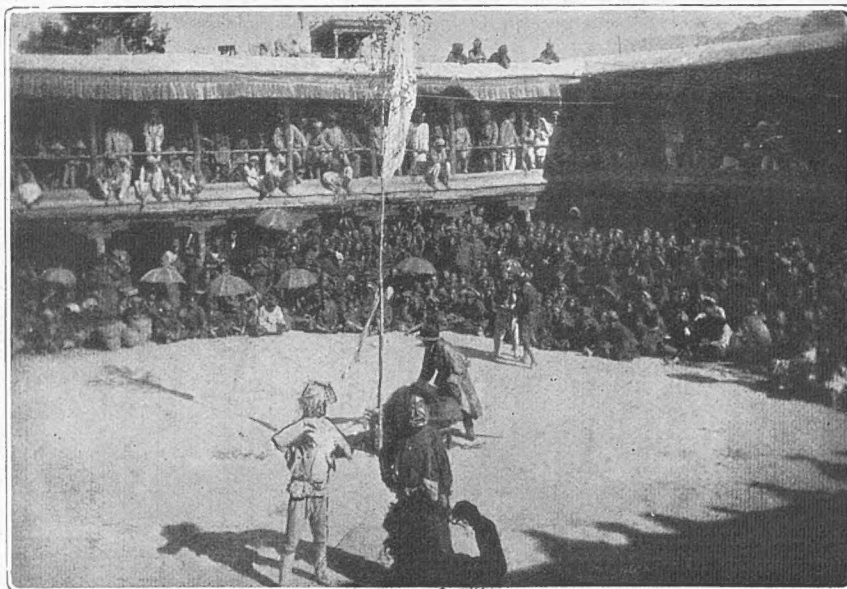
Eton's New Headmaster. Eton's gain is Haileybury's loss, and the most famous of our Public Schools may be congratulated on the choice made by its Governing Body.



AN 18-INCH BLOSSOM THAT CATCHES INSECTS: THE FRONT-VIEW OF THE ARISTOLOCHIA GIGAS.

The particular specimen of *Aristolochia* here illustrated has a blossom measuring roughly 18 2-5 inches, and a stem of about 32 inches. It forms part of a collection of plants left to the town of Magdeburg by the merchant Hermann Gruson, and is kept in the "Grusonhaus."

three months' sojourn in a State prison. Were we not tax-payers, we would suggest that, if recent report be true, Hartmann would find the methods of this country even more to his taste. *Lèse-majesté* would, of course, avail him nothing in a community in which the freest of free speech is encouraged; but there are other minor offences, if we may call the first minor, that would give him a stay in a British convict-prison, and, apparently, any British prison must be preferable to the least uncomfortable German gaol. "The prisoner," we learn, "has eternally preached to him the prison gospel, 'Don't hurry'; and he doesn't. To make a job last out is the perennial prison programme. The ordinary man in such a prison as Parkhurst . . . very quickly discovers that . . . his business there is to loaf. He must dawdle



TIBETAN PLAYERS AND PLAYGOERS VISITED BY THE BRITISH: A DRAMA IN PROGRESS NEAR THE FORBIDDEN CITY.

While in Lassa and its neighbourhood, the peaceful British Mission that fought its way to the Forbidden City witnessed several theatrical performances, one, at least, in the courtyard of the Mission quarters. No stage is used in Tibet, and the arrangement of the performers is suggestive of the chorus in Greek drama. In the case of the play given in Lassa, several small children figured amongst the actors, and one of these, according to the business of the drama, was eaten by a demon.

The Reverend and Honourable Canon Edward Lyttelton, to give him his full name and title, is, of course, a younger brother of the Colonial Secretary and of General Sir Neville Lyttelton. He and each of his seven brothers were all at Eton, and each member of the unique octave played in the Eton Eleven.

Through his mother, Canon Lyttelton is a nephew of the late Mr. and Mrs. Gladstone, and this, perhaps, accounts for the fact that he is a strong Liberal. The new Head has the keen, intellectual Lyttelton face, and the slight, lithe Lyttelton figure. He has always been something of an enthusiast, and is believed to cherish uncommon views as to the value of Greek and Latin to the twentieth-century boy who has his way to make in the world.



A WESTMINSTER WEDDING:
MR. RUPERT GWYNNE,
Who will marry Miss Stella Ridley
next month.

Photograph by Thomson.

Party, and his orphan daughter will have many to wish her sincere joy on her marriage to Mr. Rupert Gwynne, the brilliant young barrister whose father is owner of one of the prettiest estates near Eastbourne.

Miss Lily Hanbury's Wedding.

Miss Lily Hanbury's wedding on Tuesday of next week should interest the Society of the great world as much as it will certainly interest the Society of the profession, for the charm of the bride-elect's art has earned her many friends before the footlights, as her personal charm of manner has earned her many behind them. In view of Miss Hanbury's comparatively long stage-career, it is but chivalrous, although obviously unnecessary, to point out that she had the advantage of beginning young—in point of fact, at the age of thirteen, when she appeared in "Pygmalion and Galatea," at the Savoy, her cousin, Miss Julia Neilson, playing in the same piece. Success first came to her in considerable measure when she was with Mr. Beerbohm Tree in "The Dancing Girl," at the Haymarket, and since that time she has created or filled scarcely a rôle without enhancing her popularity. It is interesting to note that she was the first to take the leading part in that brilliant play of Oscar Wilde's, recently revived, "Lady Windermere's Fan," and that her favourite characters are Lady Windermere, Lady Isabel in "The Tempter," Ophelia, and Portia. Mr. Herbert Guedalla is, indeed, to be congratulated, and with the congratulations should be mingled, in the interests of the playgoing public, the request that he will not

ask his wife to give up her profession.

What's in a Name?

Eleven years ago the name of the Empress-Dowager of China was Tzu-hsi-tuan-yu-kang-i-chao-yu-chuang-cheng-shou-kung-chin-hsien-chung-hsi, and since that time it has, doubtless, lengthened, Imperial favour being marked by the addition of syllables. Yet a very much shorter name is probably the most valuable in

A Westminster Wedding.

Braving popular superstition, Miss Stella Ridley, the daughter of the late Home Secretary and the niece of Lord Tweedmouth and Lady Aberdeen, has elected to be married early in May, rather than late in April. St. Margaret's, Westminster, will be the scene of the bridal, and the function will be quite a Parliamentary event, for the late Lord Ridley was loved and respected by politicians belonging to every



MISS ADA MANSELL, WHO IS TO MARRY MR. CHARLES FORESTIER-WALKER AT EASTER.

Miss Mansell is the heroine of an Easter bridal that will be of interest to Army folk all the world over. The bride-elect is the daughter of a distinguished officer, and the bridegroom, Mr. Charles Forestier-Walker, the son of the late Sir George Forestier-Walker.

Photograph by Langflier.



AN INTERESTING THEATRICAL BRIDE-ELECT: MISS LILY HANBURY, WHO WILL MARRY MR. HERBERT GUEDALLA ON TUESDAY NEXT.

Miss Hanbury made her début on the stage in 1888, when she appeared in "Pygmalion and Galatea," at the Savoy. Her first considerable success was with Mr. Beerbohm Tree in "The Dancing Girl," at the Haymarket.

Photograph by Langflier.

existence—"Edison," which has just been computed as worth nine million pounds to a Trust.

The Countess of Yarmouth's Brother Wedded to an Actress.

One of those short periods of excitement so necessary to the well-being of the Society American is brought to mind by the announcement that Mr. Harry Thaw, a brother of the Countess of Yarmouth, has just married Miss Florence Nesbitt,

the actress, with the consent of his mother and also of the parents of the bride. It will be remembered that it was rumoured last year that Mr. Thaw and Miss Nesbitt had been wedded secretly in Europe, and that, in consequence, Mrs. Thaw had threatened to disinherit her son. The bridegroom's sister, Alice, became the wife of the young Earl of Yarmouth in 1903. Mrs. Harry Thaw, who is under twenty, has probably sat to the photographer more often than any other American, and she was also Charles Dana Gibson's model for "The Eternal Question."

A Cigarette-Maker's Romance.

News from the other side yields the statement that the youthful millionaire, Mr. J. Graham Phelps Stokes, son of the New York banker, is engaged to a young Russian Jewess, Miss Rose Harriet Pastor. To the bride-elect belongs the credit of having supported a mother and sisters by working as a cigarette-maker, and it is also said that, for some years, she earned a pitiful wage in London. More recently, her abilities as a writer of verse gained her a position on the *Jewish Daily News*, and her future husband and herself first met, as interviewed and interviewer, while Mr. Stokes was working in the University Settlement, New York. The wedding will take place in July.

Lord Malmesbury's Marriage.

One of the most distinguished of bachelor Peers, the young Earl of Malmesbury, is an April bridegroom, and during Easter week Elvetham will be *en fête* in honour of the bridal of Lord Calthorpe's youngest daughter to the owner of Heron Court. The new Countess of Malmesbury will leave a beautiful home for one of even greater charm, for Heron Court has about it many unique features which render it equally fascinating to the student



A MARRIAGE IN THE PEERAGE:
THE HON. DOROTHY GOUGH-CALTHORPE,
Who is to marry the Earl of Malmesbury
this month.

Photograph by Esmé Collings.



A MARRIAGE IN THE PEERAGE:
THE EARL OF MALMESBURY,
Who is to marry the Hon. Dorothy Gough-Calthorpe this month.

Photograph by Elliott and Fry.

and to the naturalist. The estate, which is close to Christchurch, is famed for its birds and rare wildfowl, and the house is filled with historical relics, political and Royal, for Lord Malmesbury's ancestors have served Sovereign and country well.



A WESTMINSTER WEDDING:
MISS STELLA RIDLEY,
Who will marry Mr. Rupert Gwynne
next month.

Photograph by Thomson.

The Originator of the Motor-Derby.

Mr. James Gordon Bennett, the proprietor of the *New York Herald*, is one of the most interesting of living millionaires, partly owing to the fact that he is anxious to use his wealth so as to secure the active pleasure of the greater number. This is why he takes so keen, some would say, so exaggerated, an interest in automobilism; he has given his name to the great race which has become the Derby of the motor-car world, and it is not too much to say that every motorist owes him a real debt of gratitude, for he believed in the horseless carriage when it was still regarded as little more than a dangerous and eccentric toy. Mr. Gordon Bennett has long made his home in France, and he concerns himself very actively with the Paris edition of his world-famous paper. He is generally voted a typical American—tall and wiry, a first rate horseman, a fine whip, and a noted shot. He looks a good deal younger than he is, and he has long been regarded as a singularly obdurate bachelor.



THE ORIGINATOR OF THE MOTOR-DERBY:
MR. JAMES GORDON BENNETT.

Mr. Gordon Bennett is, of course, the ardent motorist who gives his name to the Motor-Derby. He lives in France, tasting the pleasures of the city to which it has been said all good Americans will go when they die, and working hard upon the Paris edition of his paper, the "*New York Herald*."

Photograph supplied by the Press Picture Agency.

A Bulrush-less Moses.

Tradition dies hard—the saying is too trite to meet with opposition—and, with scores of religious pictures, old and new, good, bad, and indifferent, in its mind, the great British public will, doubtless, be shocked by Sir Lawrence Alma-Tadema's picture for the next Academy. Briefly, the famous artist has depicted Moses; that is nothing, but he has depicted him without bulrushes. His arguments in favour of this procedure are both erudite and ingenious—"bulrushes," it appears, is a mistranslation for "papyrus," and what Moses's mother doubtless

did was to leave her babe in a papyrus ark made water-tight with mud; also, bulrushes do not grow by the Nile. The position of the latter statement reminds one of the gentleman who gave half-a-dozen excellent reasons for having missed his 10.30 train, and then wound up by stating: "Lastly, there is no 10.30 train." What will the Philistine say to all this?



G. F. WATTS'S PAINTING OF "ALICE SIT-BY-THE-FIRE,"
AND HER SISTER, MISS KATE TERRY.

Miss Ellen Terry's appearance in the title-rôle of Mr. Barrie's new play, "*Alice Sit-by-the-Fire*," was made additionally interesting on the first-night of the production by the fact that her sister, Miss Kate Terry, was amongst the audience.

Photograph by the Cameron Studio.

with keen interest the charming portrait of the great actress and of her sister Kate, painted when they were still in their teens by the late Mr. G. F. Watts. Never had great painter better sitters, and he caught, as perhaps none of his contemporaries could have done, the feeling of deep affection which bound the two together.

A Czar and a President in Danger.

By one of those curious coincidences that so often give History its romance, those widely contrasted rulers, the Czar and President Roosevelt, shared the doubtful honour of being the target of Nihilistic attack last week. In the case of the Little Father of All the Russias, the procedure adopted was what is, apparently, now the usual one: a representative of those active gentlemen of whose powers the late M. de Plehve spoke so disparagingly just before his assassination eluded the guards set before the Tsarkoe Selo Palace, and would, doubtless, have placed his bomb effectively had not a lynx-eyed officer trained to note niceties of dress remarked that he wore an infantryman's sword with a cavalryman's uniform. In the case of the most strenuous of Presidents, the method was even more prosaic, resolving itself, in fact, into dynamite placed on the line over which his special train was to run. Needless to say, when the wisdom of so many deems it better to ignore or give the lie to such affairs, both incidents are likely to be denied. Indeed, it was immediately argued that the presence of the explosive on the railway-track in Missouri was due merely to the carelessness of workmen—criminal carelessness, in a word!

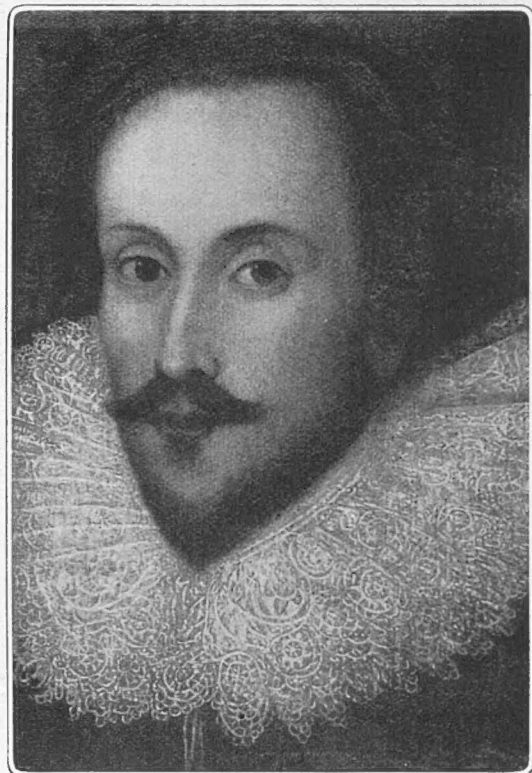
Was Shakspeare like this?

In a few days Stratford-on-Avon will be celebrating what it hopes and believes to be Shakspeare's birthday. But "Will Shakspeare," as he is described in the parish register, remains, Mr. Sidney Lee's efforts notwithstanding, a curious enigma, and over no matter concerning him has there been more discussion than over the difficult question as to whether the world possesses any contemporary portrait of England's greatest poet. The portrait here reproduced for the first

time is one of the most authentic and valuable paintings which claim to be counterfeit presentations of the Bard, and is one of the most treasured possessions of the Baroness Burdett-Coutts.

A New Member of the French Academy of Fine Arts.

That there are no mortals more easily offended than artists, except sculptors, is a dictum which is constantly being proved, and it goes without saying that the election of M. Denys Puech as a member of the French Academy of Fine Arts has raised the usual outcry against official favouritism. As a matter of fact, it is doubtful whether a better representative of the French official school of sculpture could have been found, for M. Denys Puech, if lacking in the phantasy and the poetic inspiration of men like Rodin, has done a great deal for French art whilst treading the thorny path of memorial sculpture. It is as the recorder of France's great men in stone that M. Puech is most remarkable. M. Rodin, by the way, defied his friends by refusing to be a candidate for the vacant chair, arguing that his art should not be too much hampered by official recognition.



A HITHERTO UNPUBLISHED PORTRAIT OF SHAKSPEARE IN
THE COLLECTION OF THE BARONESS BURDETT-COUTTS.

Photograph by the Cameron Studio.

"Look on this Picture."

Every playgoer who is welcoming back Miss Ellen Terry in the title-rôle of "*Alice Sit-by-the-Fire*" must regard

Millionaires' Clothes.

The tailors' organs—we put the journals in the plural since we have been chidden by the editor of one of them for referring to "the organ of the tailors"—will be interested in, and, with an eye to their readers, should certainly encourage, the talent of a writer in *Illustrated Switzerland*. This gentleman has decided that "an American millionaire can dress as a millionaire should on from £1,500 to £2,000 a year"—"as a millionaire should" is, of course, the corner-stone of the argument. In evolving this sum, the writer has gone to some pains, and, in order to round it off nicely, he says: "A pair of braces can, it is true, be obtained for a sovereign (Oh, most modest man!); but the gold buckles on them are, perhaps, worth £25, while they are often, into the bargain, set with diamonds and precious stones. The very garters have gold fastenings." Obviously, he would have all millionaires fifth Marquess of Angleseys; but what is the poor multi-millionaire to do that he may be distinguishable from his less fortunate fellows?

THE RIVAL TO THE COVENT GARDEN OPERA SEASON:

THE NEW WALDORF THEATRE, ITS FIRST MANAGER, AND SOME OF THE ARTISTES WHO WILL APPEAR IN IT.



1. MME. CALVÉ,
who will appear in "Adrienne Lecouvreur."
2. SIGNOR ANCONA.
3. MR. HENRY RUSSELL,
the Director of the Season.
4. SIGNORA ELEONORA DE CISNEROS.

5. MISS ALICE NIELSEN.
6. SIGNORINA GIULIA RAVOGLI,
who will appear in "Orfeo."
7. MISS MARY GARDEN.
8. SIGNOR FERNANDO DE LUCIA.
9. THE WALDORF THEATRE, ALDWYCH.

10. SIGNORA ELEONORA DUSE,
who will head an Italian Company, and will appear in
at least two of Ibsen's plays, in "Adrienne Lecouvreur,"
in various plays by Italian and French authors, and in
"The Second Mrs. Tanqueray."
11. M. EDOUARD DE RESZKE.

Special efforts are being made to complete the new Waldorf Theatre in Aldwych by the fifteenth of next month, when Mr. Henry Russell hopes to begin his season of opera and drama. The operas to be presented include "Adrienne Lecouvreur," "Cavalleria Rusticana," "Pagliacci," "L'Amico Fritz," "Il Maestro di Capella," "Orfeo," "Serva Padrona," "Don Pasquale," "Fiorella," "Sonnambula," and "Il Barbiere." Should the present plan hold good, six evening and three afternoon performances will be given each week, opera being varied by drama, and the season will be of about eight weeks. The elevations of Mr. Seymour Hicks's theatre and the Waldorf are similar, for the reason that they form the two wings of one block of buildings, which when completed, with the Waldorf Hotel, which forms the centre, will extend from the corner of Catherine Street to Drury Lane, the whole of the frontage abutting upon Aldwych.

The Elevation of the Theatre is reproduced by the courtesy of the architect, Mr. W. G. R. Sprague. The Photographs are by Hills and Saunders, Falk, Dupont, and Berger.

MY MORNING PAPER.

By THE MAN IN THE TRAIN.

THERE was a tide in the affairs of man that would have carried him across the Atlantic only a few months ago at a ridiculously low rate. When Shipping Companies fall out, poor men come by their own, and, had the various lines engaged in the Transatlantic business been content to remain bad friends, the world-wide problem of a cheap holiday would have stood in fair way of solution. Unfortunately for the seekers after inexpensive travelling, a truce has been called to the rate-war, and, for the reason of this triumph of the peace movement, it is not necessary to look beyond some of the balance-sheets of the Shipping Companies. It is sport for the passenger to be taken to America for fifty shillings, and to be well fed *en route*, but it is death to the line that endeavours in this generous fashion to seek the greatest good of the greatest number. Doubtless, competition has not survived its uses. Many and strenuous endeavours will be made by one competing firm to oust another, but the cutting of rates down to a point that makes business an affair of loss rather than of profit will hardly be regarded as a trump-card in the future. In fact, it isn't a card at all; it is just a boomerang.

"Ex America."

America's latest acquisition seems to be an exceptionally unpleasant one. Of all epidemics, one that attacks the brain is most to be feared, and in a city like New York, where no brain ever tasted the joys of an eight hours' day, there must be a distinct predisposition to attack. This is bad enough, but, to make matters worse, the Yellow Press has an acute attack of nerves, and its responsible commentators—if the adjective be permissible—have been studying Defoe's "History of the Plague," and dispensing its horrors in small, paragraphic doses. Now it is a commonplace that illness may be conveyed by suggestion, and if you lead people to believe that they are seriously out of condition, their bodies will make a prompt response to their minds. If there had been half-a-dozen editions of certain cheap papers in London at the time of the Great Plague, I am sure the death-rate would have been even greater than it was. If the administration of New York could urge upon newspaper "bosses" the propriety of dealing lightly with the present trouble, the doctors of New York City ought to be able to stamp it out. I suppose the epidemic will be felt most seriously amongst the "hustlers," the people who never rest until Nature strikes.

World Illness.

The world is having a very bad time just now in the matter of illness, and, if we do not realise the extent of the tragedy, it is because a murder in the Mile End Road has a more intimate appeal to our senses than a tidal wave in China or an earthquake in Lahore. There is serious illness in every direction. Manchuria is threatened with plague. India is stricken already. New York has the bad form of meningitis. Cholera is threatening St. Petersburg. In these days of unrestricted intercommunication, we cannot afford to be indifferent to such developments, and I venture to believe that the men who look after the health of London on behalf of the City Corporation

are making all the necessary plans to keep any serious trouble from attacking the Metropolis by way of the river. We owed our immunity from cholera during the last outbreak to the splendid work of the sanitary officers of the City of London, but it is not the fashion to give the City Corporation credit for anything. Popular fallacy still fancies that the Guildhall is a place wherein portly men, long past middle-age, assemble to drink each other's healths and vote themselves back-pay.

Madame Katti Lanner

The news of Madame Katti Lanner's impending retirement from the Empire will be received with great regret by her admirers all over Europe and America. For many years the greatest dancer of her time, the inheritor of the traditions of Fanny Elssler, Lucile Grahn, Taglioni, and Cerito, Madame Katti Lanner has done more than any other

living woman or man to preserve ballet for us in the form our fathers loved it. Even to-day, after more than half-a-century of hard work, the great dancer and teacher is still as lively as ever, and her skill is shown in the ballet now running at the Empire. All Europe has delighted to do honour to Madame Katti Lanner, and she has a wonderful collection of souvenirs from every capital city. In Vienna, where her father, Josef Lanner, achieved fame as a writer of dance-music, Madame Lanner is still immensely popular, and in Lisbon, at San Carlos Opera House, I was told a couple of years ago that they had never known an artist of equal gifts. To her we owe the National School of Dancing which was the forerunner of the many schools that thrive to-day. I don't suppose that Madame Lanner's retirement from the

Empire denotes any intention to give up work; she bears the burden of the years too lightly to become idle now.

The Imperial Tourist.

I suppose that the majority of morning-paper readers realise that there are great political changes afoot in Europe. That stormy petrel of European politics, who will hurry from place to place paying unnecessary visits and making superfluous speeches, is really more an object of pity than of anger. Germany runs a great risk of being left out in the cold when the Powers of Europe re-arrange themselves. In the end, she may have to consort with Abdul Hamid II., whose reputation is not of the best. The Triple Alliance exists more in name than fact; the Dual Alliance was mortally wounded when the friendly and allied nation closed her purse with a snap that was heard all over the civilised world; and the Kaiser's yachting-tour has been little more than an attempt to secure some sort of controlling position in the Concert of Europe, or, failing that, to put all the instruments in the orchestra out of tune. The impulsive grandson of his never-to-be-forgotten grandfather seems to be making quite a number of diplomatic blunders, and to be adding to the list of Powers that do not wish him well. But there are many shrewd observers who do not think that the Kaiser is so foolish as his actions.

M. Breittmayer. M. Tarride.



M. Le Bary.

M. Adrien Vély.

Mme. Le Bary.

M. Wolff.

M. Armand Lévy.

M. Magnier.

(hidden by the fencer's arm).

MME. LE BARGY, WHO IS TO PLAY AT THE ST. JAMES'S THEATRE IN ENGLISH ON A DATE NOT YET ANNOUNCED, WATCHING A FENCING-MATCH BETWEEN HER HUSBAND AND M. PIERRE MAGNIER IN M. PIERRE WOLFF'S GARDEN.

M. Wolff, author of "Le Secret de Polichinelle," the English version of which is now running at the Haymarket under the title of "Everybody's Secret," arranges numbers of fencing-matches between his friends, and these take place in his garden on Friday mornings. Amongst those who fence there is M. Le Bary, husband of the well-known actress who has arranged to play at the St. James's Theatre later on. M. Le Bary himself has been acting at the Comédie-Française since 1880, but it was only three years ago that his wife discovered that she also possessed considerable talent for the stage.

Most recently she has been playing in "Le Bercail" at the Gymnase Theatre.

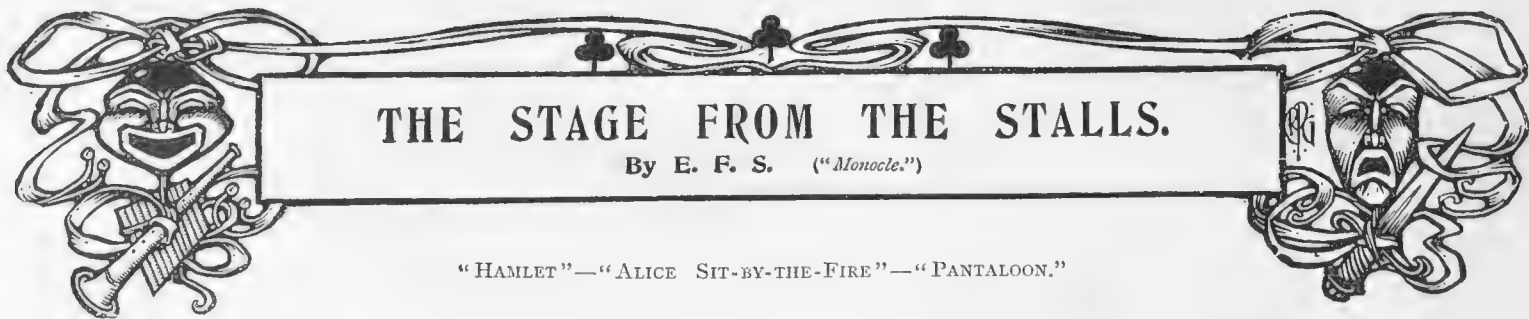
FOR WOMEN WHO WALK ALONE: HOW TO TACKLE THE HOOLIGAN.

JU-JITSU FOR LADIES.



1. Should her assailant seek to take hold of her jacket, the lady catches him by the right hand, and by twisting it and pressing the elbow, which causes exquisite pain, easily throws him to the ground. His arm is then in such a position that it can be "locked" without much trouble. 2. The assailant can be rendered unconscious by this neck-hold after he has been thrown. 3. To effect this side-throw, the lady places her right foot in front of that of her assailant, pulls him sharply round, and throws him with the aid of his own strength. 4. The lady can also deal with any ruffian who may attack her by means of this hand-lock, which if fought against would lead to broken fingers. 5. The stomach-throw here shown is a favourite with the exponents of Ju-jitsu, and is especially useful against a big opponent. The lady places her foot against her assailant's stomach, and then drops quickly to the ground, with the result that the man's weight causes him to be thrown over her head. 6. Having thrown her opponent flat upon the ground, the lady places one foot upon the back of his knee, catches hold of his collar with her left hand and of his toes with her right, and at the same time puts her left knee against his back. The foot is then pressed back towards the body, the pain caused rendering the victim helpless. 7. After she has thrown her assailant, the lady places her left foot on his chest, and then, catching hold of him by the left wrist and pressing her left knee forward, is soon in a position to dislocate his arm should need be.

Photographs Numbers 1, 3, 5, 6, and 7 were taken, exclusively for "The Sketch," at the Japanese School of Ju-jitsu, 305, Regent Street, W.; the others are by Park.



THE STAGE FROM THE STALLS.

By E. F. S. ("Monocle.")

"HAMLET"—"ALICE SIT-BY-THE-FIRE"—"PANTALOOH."

MR. H. B. IRVING may well feel proud and happy, for even if there are variations in the degree of enthusiasm shown concerning his Hamlet, there is unanimity in admiring it very warmly. It is the disadvantage of every new Hamlet that we all have, or think we have, very different opinions about the character—it is almost a case of so many critics so many opinions—so no performance can escape disapprobation on a number of points. Mr. Irving, at least, can boast that even those who distrust his conception greatly admire his execution. To me there seems only one really important matter to quarrel with, and it is not one for which the actor is to be blamed. He suggested too strong a personality for so weak a personage. Here is the actor's dilemma—which resembles that of the actress and the part of Juliet in the matter of experience and appearance of age—no actor is fit to play all the scenes of "Hamlet" who has not by nature a personal note of power that forces the irresolution of the wavering Prince to seem unnatural. Put this aside, and the new Hamlet seems wholly admirable, giving, indeed, a fascinating study of the unfortunate young man, in which great natural gifts are taken full advantage of by profound technical skill. The production at the Adelphi, as a whole, is very praiseworthy. The mounting hits the mean capitally between the over-gorgeousness which involves an insult to the dramatist and the meanness that distracts attention. I should like to see the "wild and whirling" robes of Mr. Oscar Asche as King curtailed: his performance is well considered, and in the prayer scene was very impressive. Miss Lily Brayton's Ophelia charmed everyone: she seemed to me to render the painful mad scenes a little needlessly cruel; there is a natural tendency on the part of every actress to extract every ounce of pitifulness out of them. The Polonius of the very clever actor Mr. Lyall Swete was rather disappointing: a modern disposition exists to treat the old gentleman as by no means so foolish as he appeared to our ancestors, but this is consistent with more quaintness and comicality than the actor shows and is well able to show. The First Gravedigger of Mr. Charles Rock was an excellent piece of dry acting. Miss Maud Milton, the Gertrude, Mr. Hignett, the Horatio, and Mr. Hampden, the Laertes, acted very well, but the two latter seemed rather lacking in distinction.

Probably Alice will sit by the fire for a long time at the Duke of York's Theatre, but the play is not quite of such a quality that a seat on the Embankment would be safe for her in chilly weather. Much of the piece is pure Barrie, typical Barrie, and delightful; but it is easy to be out of touch with the main element of the play, the domestication of Alice owing to her adventure with her daughter. Once more the dramatist has succeeded in breaking new ground: at least, so far as I know, the humour and pathos of the return home of the Anglo-Indians to their family, to the boy and girl almost grown up, and to the babe, all strangers to their parents, is novel to our stage. The whole of this part of the work is quite charming. When, however, the intrigue begins and the excessively ingenious burlesque of the Seventh-Commandment drama is started, pleasure wanes a little. It is very clever to give us Amy, the daughter with ideas of life founded on passages in five plays that she ought never to have seen, and Mr. Barrie makes fun of them neatly, though he is not above employing the 'stage devices which he derides; but the plot that results becomes a little tiresome at times and rather puzzling. Moreover, some people will feel that the element of Rollo's joy at believing that Alice has a guilty passion for him does not mix very nicely with his obvious admiration of her daughter. Really the play would gain if all this business

of Rollo's fatuous delusion were removed, though a neat little scene, admirably acted by Mr. Kenneth Douglas, would have to disappear.

The last part of the play to be considered is the closing scene, which came very late on the first-night, where Alice, who has a devoted, charming, elderly husband, and three delightful children, makes up her mind that the time has arrived for her to close the livelier side of her career as a youngish married woman. She has had a good time, has been belle of the garrison-towns in India, and has flirted desperately with "the boys"; she has sown her wild oats, and decides to sit by the family hearth and seek her happiness as wife and mother, not as flirt. I suppose it is very pathetic; many certainly thought so, even if I did not feel deeply moved by her belated retire-

ment from the active ranks of the philanderers. To my jaundiced eyes, she began very ill by making spontaneously a needless, cruel confession to her husband that the flirtations he had tolerated as trivial had been more serious than he thought, had, in fact, been dangerous, though not quite criminal. Whether the study of the Anglo-Indian giddy matron mixes up agreeably with the lighter parts of the play must be a matter of disputed opinion—that Miss Ellen Terry achieved a triumph in the part cannot be denied. Feeling, from the first, the delight of the audience in her, she played with a vigour and confidence she has never before displayed, I think, on a first-night, and her exhibition of the motherly aspect of the part was irresistible: hence prodigious applause. Miss Irene Vanbrugh had a difficult task in the part of Amy, the daughter who seeks to rescue her mother from imaginary danger; she showed a great deal of quiet humour. The house, I think, regretted that the little "general" part, admirably played by Miss Hilda Trevelyan, was so short; we would have gladly spared some of the serious, rather perplexing, scenes of the second Act, in order to laugh again at the quaint little slavey. Mr. Aubrey Smith had a charming note of tenderness in his skilful performance as the elderly husband of Alice. Mr. Kenneth Douglas and Mr. A. E. Matthews—the former made up too young—were of real service. Even after saying some harsh things

concerning "Alice," I cannot help adding that a great deal of the play is quite delightful.

Mr. Barrie's one-Act piece, "Pantalooh," given as prelude to "Alice," is rather bewildering. One can hardly take as serious his heavy pathos concerning the elderly Pantalooh of British Harlequinade and his woes at the loss of his artistic activity. For a little while, grim humour, in the idea of old "Joey's" belief that he is the "second funniest man on earth," renders the play comic; but when the pathos business is turned on, with an accompaniment of snow falling upon the windows, one asks whether the dramatist is not trying to trick gulls into tears in order that he may laugh at their stupidity. Nobody can reasonably object to the convention of speaking Clown and Pantalooh and dumb-show Harlequin and Columbine all in customary costume—a pity, though, that the music for the miming is poor—and certainly some clever comic strokes are contrived. Mr. Gerald du Maurier acted very cleverly as the chief figure, and Mr. Baskcomb's Clown was a capital piece of acting. Children, however, if taken to the play, may resent the idea that the Clown is represented as a really cruel, selfish beast. What has he done that he should be thus ill-treated in order to render Pantalooh a pathetic figure? Miss Pauline Chase and Mr. Willie Warde represent Columbine and Harlequin, who elope, get married, and bring a little baby-clown to work the very reconciliation business of which Mr. Barrie makes fun in the chief work of the evening.



MISS MURIEL BEAUMONT'S SISTER AND SUCCESSOR:
MISS EVELYN BEAUMONT,

Who is now playing Lady Lucy Derenham in "The Walls of Jericho,"
at the Garrick.

Photograph by Campbell-Gray.

"BUT THINGS LIKE THAT, YOU KNOW, MUST BE
AFTER A FAMOUS VICTORY "



" Yes, my lad, my grandfather was killed at Waterloo ! "

" Oh, I say, was he really ? Which platform ? "

DRAWN BY JOHN HASSALL.

M. JEAN RICHEPIN'S "DU BARRI," AT THE SAVOY.



Prince Rohan Rochefort
(Mr. A. Holmes Gore).

Jeannette Vaubernier, or "L'Ange," afterwards the Du Barri
(Mrs. Brown-Potter).

Jean du Barri
(Mr. William L. Abingdon).

"L'Ange," an assistant in Mme. Labille's shop, hesitating between the love of Prince Rohan Rochefort and the wiles of the dissolute Comte Jean du Barri, decides to accept the latter's proposition that he shall take her to see the King.



Jean du Barri.

Louis XV. (Mr. Gilbert Hare).

The Duc de Richelieu (Mr. Herbert Ross).

The roué, Comte Jean du Barri, who marries "L'Ange" in order that it may be possible for her to be presented at Court; Louis, the Well-Beloved; and the Duc de Richelieu, one of several courtiers who make the Du Barri fulfil their wishes.

Photographs by Bassano.

THE FORTHCOMING REAPPEARANCE OF MR. GEORGE ALEXANDER
AT THE ST. JAMES'S.



THE LATEST PORTRAIT OF THE POPULAR ACTOR-MANAGER.

Mr. George Alexander, whose successful tour with the "Mr. George Alexander Concert Recital Company" closed on Thursday last, will make his reappearance at the St. James's, if present arrangements hold good, on the 1st of May, the occasion being the production of "John Chilcote, M.P." Mr. Alfred Sutro's "Mollentrave on Women" finishes its run on Saturday next.

Photograph by Dinham, Torquay.

THE LITERARY LOUNGER.

AN ingenious arithmetician has been working out the rates per word paid to authors whose services are in universal demand.

According to his reckoning, the authoress of "Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch" is at the head. She received for that story more than a sovereign per word. Sir Conan Doyle received about half-a-crown a word for positively the last series of Sherlock Holmes stories. Mrs. Humphry Ward is well paid, but, as her words are very numerous, her rate is smaller than that of less copious writers. We are told that for most novelists twopence or threepence a word is good payment. I have known many who have been satisfied with very much less—or, at least, they had to be satisfied.

Considering the number of manuscripts an editor has to decline, there is a great deal to say for the old practice of concealing the name of that functionary. The wonder is that he is not assassinated by irate contributors. Great editors tell me that their enemies are not, as a rule, amongst men whose work they have declined, but amongst the writers they have tried to help. To deprecate the wrath of contributors many plans have been devised. Ingenious circulars have been printed, explaining at great length and with anxious courtesy that the declination of a manuscript does not involve any adverse judgment on its literary merit. A humourist suggests that a corresponding circular should be prepared for acceptance, and he has drawn out the following model—

The Editor takes pleasure in stating that your story, entitled "The Buzz of the Buzzard," is accepted for the *Surething Magazine*. The acceptance of an article, however, does not necessarily imply that it possesses merit. Any one of a number of reasons may lead to its acceptance—such, for instance, as a spacious timeliness, the fact that it will exactly fit an empty space, any kind of notoriety attached to the writer's name, the possession by the magazine of a useless illustration, purchased by mistake, which, in an emergency, can be made to misillustrate some of its incidents, or even temporary aberration on the part of the Editor. The absence of criticism is kindly asked to be excused, owing to the vast number of manuscripts which the Editor daily returns without reading at all. Cheque in payment for your story will, in all probability, be sent you some day; meantime, the Editor would counsel the beautiful virtue of patience.

The new edition of the collected works of William Hazlitt published by Messrs. Dent has now been completed and is a work of real and lasting value. The editors, Mr. Arnold Glover and Mr. A. R. Waller, have done their work thoroughly. We have lost in Mr. Glover one of the most conscientious and learned students of literary history. Mr. Waller's high reputation is richly deserved, and

is enhanced by every fresh piece of work that comes from his hands. There is an introductory essay by the late Mr. Henley. Mr. Henley declares that Hazlitt "was never an exalted Wordsworthian," and he mentions that "once, in a moment of supreme geniality, Hazlitt likened Wordsworth's best passages, not to their advantage, to those of the classic *Akenside*."

A competent critic in the *Athenæum* has pointed out that, so far as this from being true, that the very reverse is the truth. "What Hazlitt originally (1814) wrote was that the poet's 'powers of

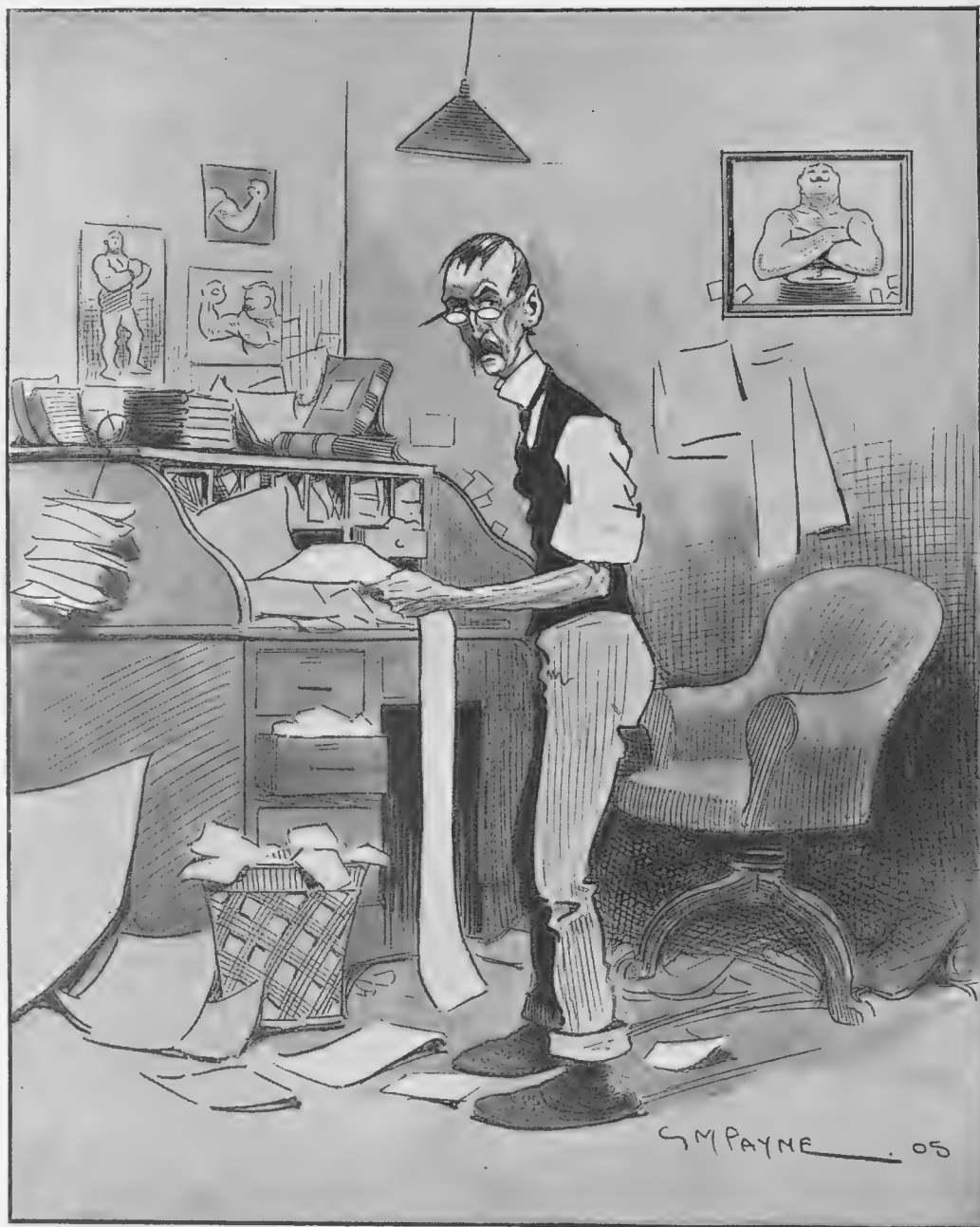
description and fancy seem to be little inferior to those of thought and sentiment.' In 1817, embittered by the fall of Napoleon, and desiring, so far as he could, to disparage the poet who had, as Hazlitt thought, sold himself to the Treasury, he cancelled this passage, and substituted one to the effect that 'Wordsworth's powers of description and fancy seem to be little inferior to those of his classical predecessor, *Akenside*.' But this revised judgment was delivered not in a supremely genial moment, but at a time of recent and intense exasperation." In fact, Hazlitt struggled between his passionate admiration for Wordsworth as a man and his hatred of his politics. Thus, in his *Observations of "The Excursion,"* which first appeared in the *Examiner* for 1814, Hazlitt wrote of Wordsworth: "There is in his sentiments and reflections on human life a depth, an originality, a beauty and grandeur, both of conception and expression, which place him decidedly at the head of the poets of the present day—or rather, which place him in a totally different class of excellence.

It is not in our power to add to, or take from, the pretensions of a poem like the present, but if our opinion or wishes could have any weight, we would take our leave of it by saying, 'Esto Perpetua'!" When Hazlitt, three years after, came to reprint the article in the *Round Table*, he omitted this passage.

His relations with Coleridge were quite parallel to his relations with Wordsworth. Though he had in his heart the keenest appreciation of Coleridge's genius, he allowed political passion to lead him into the most dastardly and dishonest attacks on Coleridge's work. All that can be said in extenuation was that Hazlitt fought a very hard and difficult fight for his political principles, while Wordsworth and Coleridge managed to accommodate themselves to the drift of the day.

O. O.

LITERARY MISFITS.



POSSIBLE EDITORS OF POSSIBLE PAPERS: III.—THE EDITOR OF "THE MUSCLE AND BICEPS NEWS."

DRAWN BY G. M. PAYNE.

BEETHOVEN'S FUNERAL MARCH TO THE MEMORY OF A HERO.

DRAWN BY S. H. SIME.



BEETHOVEN'S SYMPHONY IN E-FLAT, NO. 3 ("EROICA").

Mr. Sime made this drawing while the "Eroica" Symphony was being played to him, and regards it as the outward expression of the effect that the music had upon his imagination. The famous work was given at the recent Concert at the Queen's Hall in commemoration of the anniversary of Beethoven's death in 1827, the choice being partly determined by the fact that this year marks the centenary of the first performance of the composition.

THE NEW PHASE OF "VÉRONIQUE":

SOME OF THE PRINCIPAL CHARACTERS.



When the evergreen "Véronique" was first produced, Mr. Aubrey Fitzgerald played Seraphin, and Mr. Fred Emney, M. Loustot. Miss Sybil Grey has acted Aunt Benoit from the first. Mr. Ralph Nairn joined the cast comparatively recently.

Photographs by Ellis and Walery.

ON THE HIRE-SYSTEM—WITHOUT SECURITY.



"PITY 'T IS, 'T IS TRUE."

DRAWN BY STARR WOOD.

CURTAINS CARICATURED: IV.—FARCE.

TYPICAL FINALES AS SEEN BY THE COMIC ARTIST



Various Erring and Hen-pecked Husbands,irate Wives, "Johnnies," a Pallid Curate, etc.
 Generous Uncle. Headstrong Nephew. Sweet Girl of Nephew's Choice. Comic Page. The Stout Lady, who will Faint in Stranger's Arms

"WHY JONES WASN'T VACCINATED."

DRAWN BY FRANK CHESWORTH.

A NOVEL

IN

A NUTSHELL.

PHYLLIS AND
CORYDON.

By WALTER E. GROGAN.



WHEN the world heard the news it shook its head and sniggered. There was no need for the display of this fatuous wisdom, however. As a matter of fact, the affair was an accident, and the two parties chiefly concerned were entirely innocent. I think to the latter sentence I had better append "on that occasion." It is, from what I have heard, probably safer. There was, of course, a *deus ex machina*. He was Sir Jasper's man.

It commenced with Sir Jasper's sudden distaste for the machine-made artificiality of his life.

"Blinks," he said to his man, "life at present is an exhausting strain. I spend my days in intellectual dram-drinking. It may be stimulating at the time, but it threatens an eternity of the 'morning after.' I am tired of discussing the Drama, when our only dramatist—I, of course, allude to Bernard Shaw—is not sure whether he is not really a humorous politician. I am tired of guessing at what he means. I am tired of patronising new religions—the Christian Scientists are no longer even amusing. I am tired of discovering art in obscure Belgian villages. I will try the simple life."

"Very good, sir," said Blinks the excellent. He had achieved a reputation for discretion by the repetition of those words.

"You have a brother, Blinks?"

"It is a painful subject, sir. I am not responsible. My parents are alone to blame."

"He is something to do with land?"

"Yes, sir. I rarely speak of it. He is, I regret, a gamekeeper. He might have been a hairdresser, but he had no aspirations."

"Ah, a gamekeeper! We will visit him, Blinks."

"Sir!"

"I am going back to the land, Blinks," Sir Jasper said, dreamily. "I think I shall be a plough-boy. It is all simple—pure air, pure surroundings."

"I beg your pardon, sir, but—but is it wise to go by hearsay?"

"A simple life—everything simple, not at all like Bernard Shaw. You will be a cow-herd. That sounds delightful. We will go next week. Let your brother know."

It continued in this way. Blinks, among many attachments, had formed one for Milly Orwell. She presided over the mysteries of Lady Agatha's toilet. Lady Agatha had never met Sir Jasper. During her meteoric Season in town he had been seeking intellectual light in Dublin, under the guidance of the Irish Literary Society. As a comment upon the futility of human hopes, I may add that he did not find it.

Blinks told Milly of the rash resolve of Sir Jasper, reserving particulars of his brother.

"If it were not for the fact that his figure is exactly the same as mine, I should resign my position. But, as it is—his suits are never out of fashion by the time they come to me. It is a consideration."

The same evening Lady Agatha spoke to Milly.

"The world is very flat," said she.

"Indeed, m'Lady! I was always told at school that it was an orange."

"Don't be silly. I mean that there is no more interest in it."

"That is probably from its lack of principle," said Milly, who could afford to be smart, having been initiated into some of her Ladyship's toilet secrets, and having found out the rest.

"And the last Bridge broke me. I have a yearning for the country—not a country house, but the real country. It is a happy life, Milly; it is full of sunsets, and trees, and churches with bells. Besides, I must retrench."

Then Milly rose to an inspiration.

"Ah, if your Ladyship goes to the country you will carry the town with you," said she, insidiously.

"I shall travel incognito."

"I am told the life of a Devonshire milkmaid is one long happiness, m'Lady. My sister—ah, you did not know I had a sister, but I have, m'Lady; she was all I had when I entered your service, but you have been so generous—my sister tells me so." The sister was an effort of Milly's imagination.

"Where is she?"

"At Over Tracey, in Devonshire." That was the place Blinks had mentioned. Milly reasoned that a sister would easily be forthcoming for a consideration. "It is a beautiful place, m'Lady.

There are more buttercups there than in any other village. They have taken prizes."

"Buttercups—how simple and refreshing! How idyllic, after all the pernicious champagne-cups one knows! Milly, we will go to Over Tracey and I will be a milkmaid. No one will know me; I shall be happy."

At Over Tracey, Blinks, sent on before Sir Jasper, met Milly, who preceded her mistress. Supreme satisfaction did not, at first, overspread the face of Blinks. There were one or two village-girls who were attractive and might have proved an agreeable relaxation.

"My dear Miss Orwell," cried he, "this is an unexpected—er—pleasure! What are you doing here?"

"I am looking for a sister."

"That is curious. I have just found a brother."

"Did he come high?"

"About five feet seven."

"No; I mean, was he expensive?"

"No. He is too dreadfully cheap. Birth is an accident, Miss Orwell. He is, I am ashamed to say, a gamekeeper."

"I did not know they played golf or bridge here. Is he a real brother?"

"Consider, Miss Orwell; should I adopt a gamekeeper?"

"No, of course not. My sister is unreal. I must find one. It will not be difficult, I presume. In exchange for her sisterhood we shall pay for board and lodging."

"You will find the whole village one family if you offer them that. You may have your choice of parents, brothers, sisters, uncles—indeed anything, according to the amount you pay."

Miss Orwell explained matters. To be with Blinks, she had buried herself in the country; to share the solitary and neglected existence imposed upon him by the freak of his master, she had gone to the length of creating a sister. Lady Agatha was, she said, so enthusiastic over the project that she had spent a whole afternoon at the Zoological Gardens in order to familiarise herself with wild animals.

It was Milly Orwell who hinted, with delicacy, that her mistress was not responsible for her actions; it was Blinks who plagiarised her (at her own request) with respect to his own master. The gamekeeper Blinks, honest man, saw no objection if it were regarded as "an extry"; the new-found sister, Mrs. Bowden, quite welcomed the idea, on the understanding that double charges should be made. "Er's one, you see, my dear, and as she's not herself, she must be another; so it's all right and reasonable," she announced.

Miss Orwell and Mr. Blinks travelled back together after their successful arrangement of affairs. Milly, foreseeing the opportunities so close an association with Blinks would afford her (she preyed always for a husband), smiled. Blinks, foreseeing the same opportunities, was more thoughtful. His was a plastic nature. As all truly great men, he was aware of his weaknesses. It was enough to render him thoughtful.

So Lady Agatha first, and, at an interval of two days, Sir Jasper, came to the village of Over Tracey. Their welcomes, if a trifle noisy, were, at all events, severally warm. The juvenile population received them with marked enthusiasm. "It was touching," said

Lady Agatha. It would have been more so, had not the schoolmistress discovered the stone in Tommy Endacott's hand just in time.

Although both Lady Agatha and Sir Jasper attributed the popular interest to the rare coming of strangers to the village, it was, in reality, evoked by an expectation of wilder conduct. As a matter of fact, Over Tracey had not been visited by a circus for seven months, and the advent of two lunatics wrought on the popular fancy. The tameness with which they followed their several "keepers" was quite a damper.

Lady Agatha spent two bewildering days seeking for a situation as milkmaid. Each farmer she approached behaved in the most unaccountable way. They heard her in silence, and went off to laugh in company with cows. She had dressed the part to the best of her ability. Clarkson had given her designs, which she entirely altered. Milly had given her advice, which she resented, laughed at, and finally adopted. The result was not so outrageous as it might have been. She clung, however, to a short skirt, which, in its turn, clung to her. She had uncommonly neat ankles.

It was on the fifth day of her country life that she first met Sir Jasper. She had seen him and admired him (his velveteens were cut with distinction), but had not previously met him. She heard that he was a friend of Tim Blinks, Lord Orter's gamekeeper, and out of work. Both by that time were just a little out of heart with the masquerade.

The place of meeting was in a field. She was looking over a stile into another field. He came up with the same object in view—there never was any other view in Over Tracey.

"Good-morning," he said, taking off his hat.

She giggled. It was her conception of the part. She had read somewhere that country maids always giggled when addressed, and she religiously perpetuated the idea. It was painful, it seemed imbecile, but it was undoubtedly fitting.

"You are," he continued, "the milkmaid, I believe? At present unemployed, I hear."

"Yes. And you are the gamekeeper, out of work, I am informed?"

"Yes. I am an idler. I have been working too hard—the doctor suggested change."

"How sad! I suppose keeping game is arduous?" She was very sympathetic.

"When kept too long—very," he replied. "Were you walking?"

"I was. But there are so many loose cows in the next field. I always think loose creatures are dangerous, don't you?"

"Ah, yes; I believe so."

"And I don't like the cows down here. They are so ungroomed."

"A sad lack of refinement. A groomed cow is an exquisite work of art. While cleanliness is a British virtue I am sure that Cooper's pictures will be always treasured."

"You are an admirer of art?" she asked, gladly. Really, quite an interesting gamekeeper.

"Rather should I say an admirer of beauty!" he replied, slightly suggesting an Arcadian bow.

"The distinction is hardly discernible. Beauty is generally a matter of art." She was young enough and beautiful enough to call attention to the fact that she was wearing her own complexion by suggesting the opposite.

"Beauty," he supplemented, with a perfect appreciation of her manoeuvre, "is frequently artful."

From that time Lady Agatha ceased to provide merriment for the farmers—that is to say, actively, for passively and retrospectively the joke of a "vine lady a bit off her 'ead" seeking to become a milkmaid was a source of unrestrained laughter for years.

Day by day the two unemployed members of an agricultural community met, stared at the fields in company, walked together, and

talked most agreeably. Each found in the other that charm of simplicity which is so characteristic of the soil. Each found the other distinctly above his and her station in life. Each, in fact, admired the other enormously.

At the close of a fortnight, Sir Jasper came to the conclusion that life without a milkmaid would be an intolerable void. He read Tennyson's "Burleigh," and found it stimulating. He thought of the abject horror of his relatives, and was pleased. It is curious what consolation a man has in annoying his family.

Lady Agatha at the end of a fortnight was tenderly sentimental. That was a bad omen for all Sir Jasper's hopes. A refusal, naturally, rendered her sentimental, whereas the prospect of a proposal that might with discretion be accepted would have merely produced a speculative triumph. She liked him very much, but a gamekeeper was, of course, impossible. Woman exhausts her sentiment over books.

They came to a stile that led into a wood. She composed herself for an affecting refusal. She had determined that she would suggest an inalienable tie to which she must be loyal though her heart broke.

"My dear one," said he—they had adopted such expressions as being natural to the characters they had assumed—"my dear one, life is a complex riddle."

"It is," she assented.

"A riddle for the solution of which we grope and grope."

"We do. And, oh, is it not elusive?"

"My sentiment exactly. Thinking so, I have evolved the thought that it can only be guessed by two."

"Do you mean by the hour two?" she asked, prettily.

"My simple maid! Adorable simplicity! No, I mean by two minds with but a single thought."

"I really don't see the assistance of the second head if there is only to be one thought between the two."

"My practical pretty one! What I am endeavouring to convey is this: Let us solve the riddle together. I have loved you ever since I first saw you. In some cottage let us wreath garlands of flowers about this sphinx, life."

"Is—I am an untutored girl, so forgive me if I do not clearly grasp your point—is this a proposal of marriage?"

"My sweet one, yes! Here in this—oh, confound it, here is someone coming!"

Footsteps approached from the path through the wood. Lady Agatha was at the very point of breaking her heart with a romantically worded refusal when the accident happened. Sir Jasper uttered a groan.

"Oh, Lord!" said he, "it's Tom Orter!"

"Lord Orter?" she cried.

"Yes. That's the worst of having so many relatives. You are always sure of one poking his nose in at the wrong time."

"A relative!"

"He's my cousin twice removed—and cropped up again."

"And you're not a gamekeeper?"

"No. I'm Jasper Ember."

"Oh, I'm so sorry! I did so want to marry a—gamekeeper. And now there'll be no romance. I'm really Lady Agatha!"

"The Lady Agatha?"

"Yes. And now it will be St. George's, after all!"

From this it will be seen that it was not the result of a carefully engineered plot on the part of Lady Agatha, but the accident of Lord Orter's arrival, which changed a refusal into acceptance.

Milly and Blinks were also married. They run a little shop for the disposal of clothes "of the best cut and second-hand prices," although they are both still indispensable to Sir Jasper and Lady Agatha.





HEARD IN THE GREEN-ROOM



ADEQUATE" is the adjective Mr. Waller would apply to the production of "Romeo and Juliet" he is so busily engaged in rehearsing for next Saturday. If, however, the decoration of the play is not over-elaborate, it will, nevertheless, be found to be characterised by a sense of fitness and good taste. After the impersonations of Miss Evelyn Millard and Mr. Waller himself, interest will, of course, centre around the Mercutio of Mr. H. V. Esmond; while Miss Mary Rorke will be the Nurse; Miss Helen Leyton, Lady Capulet; Mr. Frank Dyall, Paris; Mr. Thomas Kingston, Tybalt; Mr. Arthur Lewis, Peter; and Mr. A. E. George, who goes from success to success and from comedy to serious parts with equal facility, will have the opportunity of appearing in a new light, in the fine part of Friar Laurence.

A conspicuous feature of the production will be the music, for which Gounod's opera will be drawn upon, by arrangement with Mrs. Edward Terry, formerly Lady Harris, who controls the English rights. Amongst the selections will be the minuet, which will be danced in the first Act; and the "Sommeil de Juliette," which will be used for the death-scene. A word of reminder may be added that the play will be arranged in four Acts, the second being the long one.

When a play is not long enough to fill the evening programme, will the author of the chief piece be the author of the curtain-raiser as well in future? At the St. James's we have Mr. Sutro's "A Maker of Men" preceding "Mollentrave on Women," and Mr. Barrie's "Alice Sit-by-the-Fire" is preceded by—Mr. Barrie's "Pantaloone." The arrangement is known to be Mr. Barrie's own, for he needed a play of a "decorative" character to lend contrast to the modernity of "Alice."

Mr. Sutro, in his lighter mood, has scarcely caught the public fancy to the same extent as he has dominated it in serious vein, for "Mollentrave on Women" is to be withdrawn immediately, and "John Chilcote, M.P.," is underlined for the evening of May 1. That play offers an exceedingly interesting addition to the list of the literary productions in which husband and wife have collaborated.



A SOMERSET NOVELIST TURNED LECTURER: MR. WALTER RAYMOND.

Mr. Walter Raymond, the well-known Somerset novelist, gave a successful lecture, entitled "Rural Life and Humour," in the Smaller Queen's Hall, on Thursday of last week. He has given his entertainment frequently in the West Country.

Photograph by Elliott and Fry.

have not hitherto been associated with them. Mr. Tree's bill will include "Hamlet," "Julius Caesar," "The Merry Wives," "Much Ado," "Richard II.," and "Twelfth Night."



THE PRODUCER OF "LA RETRAITE":
M. POREL.

M. Porel, who, as most people are aware, is Madame Réjane's husband, is at present running an adaptation of that much-discussed German play of military life, "Zapfenstreich," in Paris, under the title of "La Retraite." He is manager of the Vaudeville, and was once one of the comedians of the Palais-Royal.

Photograph by Nadar.

In that week, therefore, eight Shakspeare plays will be given in London, "Othello" being at the Shaftesbury, "Romeo and Juliet" at the Imperial, and, of course, "Hamlet" at the Adelphi.

After the wedding of Miss Lily Hanbury, of which we have something to say in "Small Talk of the Week," a reception will be held at Claridge's Hotel, at which, naturally, most of the leading members of the theatrical profession will be present to wish happiness to the bride who is so popular a member of the community. Miss Hanbury will be attended by eight bridesmaids, headed by her sister, Miss Hilda Hanbury, the others being her cousins, Miss Hilda Jacobsen, Miss Florence Jamieson, and Miss Norah Kerin, Miss Phyllis Terry, the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Fred Terry (Miss Julia Neilson), Miss Gladys Marsden, Miss Maude Simmons, and Miss Margery Gould, the daughter of the late Mr. Nutcombe Gould.

When actors first become managers, it is amazing how often they seek to dominate the whole interest by placing the other parts of the play in the hands of actors who are not of the first importance. It is, obviously, a poor policy; the more brilliant the jewel the greater is its effect in a brilliant setting. That is evidently the principle on which Miss Ethel Irving has acted in the casting of the adaptation of Madame de Gresac's "Chou," which will be produced at the Criterion on the 22nd inst. Amongst the leading members of her Company are Miss Lottie Venne, a "star" in herself; Miss Vane Featherstone, just returned from America with Sir Charles Wyndham; Mr. Frank Cooper, an actor whose consummate merit is hardly appreciated as it deserves; Mr. Leslie Faber; Mr. John Tresahar; and Mr. Lennox Pawle, a low-comedian who knows how to restrain his humours.

It is so long since M. Porel gave up acting in order to manage the Vaudeville Theatre that few people outside the most habitual theatre-goers, even in Paris, recall the fact that he was once an admirable comedian at the Palais-Royal. Under his vigorous administration, aided by the genius of his wife, Madame Réjane, the Vaudeville has acquired a distinguished position amongst the popular theatres of Paris, and so firmly fixed is it in the public esteem that not even Madame Réjane's secession from the Company, in consequence of those domestic differences which have been frequently discussed in the newspapers, is likely to affect its prestige. M. Porel always produces the plays himself, and, exigent as he is—and as all great stage-managers must be—he is an exceedingly popular man in the theatre.

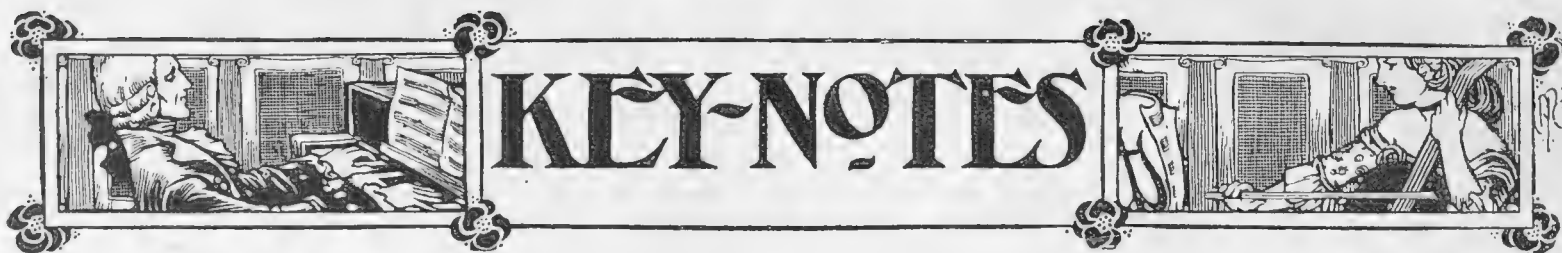
Next week being Holy Week, certain of the theatres in the West-End will close their doors to the public, although the stage-door will remain open, for the actors will be exceedingly busy. This will notably be the case at His Majesty's and the St. James's. On the other hand, Miss Tita Brand will change the bill of "Othello" and give the old morality-play, "Everyman," which has achieved so great a success since it was first produced by Mr. Ben Greet that it has been constantly revived.



AN OLD SAVOYARD FOR THE COLISEUM:
MR. WALTER PASSMORE.

Mr. Passmore is booked to appear at the Coliseum shortly. Mr. Rutland Barrington has, also, engagements there in two scenes of his own.

Photograph by Johnston and Hoffmann.



THE Orchestral Concert given a few days ago at the Queen's Hall, at which M. Jacques Thibaud was the solo violinist, was a very great success, owing chiefly, of course, to the playing and the persuasive musical genius of M. Thibaud himself. It is a matter of necessity nowadays that any violinist shall be completely equipped with the meaning and the significance of his instrument. No matter what the musical temperament of a man may be, without these particular and elementary qualities the modern musical world declines to accept him as a great artist. But M. Thibaud is a great artist, in that he never pretends to cover his personality with any strange and impersonal emotions. He can scarcely be described as a very emotional player; but he must certainly be spoken of as one whose intensity of feeling and tenseness of thought must place him amongst the first players of this generation. Apparently it did not matter which work he chose to interpret: for our own part we are not very devoted to the creative portion of Wieniawski's "Romance," or to Sarasate's "Zigeunerweisen," but M. Thibaud never deflected from the technical portion of both these works, which are evidently written simply for the display of any exceptional fiddler, and which make no pretence to achieve anything absolute in the way of artistic music.

Richard Strauss conducted his "Sinfonia Domestica" the other day at the Queen's Hall, and he was nobly interpreted by the Orchestra attached to that hall. It appears that Strauss himself has conducted no less than thirty performances of this Symphony, and his tribute to Mr. Henry Wood is full of generosity, admiration, and the fellow-feeling which must always make artists, one with another, "wondrous kind." "I can well appreciate," writes Mr. Strauss, "what an amount of hard work, expert knowledge, and sympathetic comprehension of my intentions have been expended on this performance, through the energy and self-effacing work of Mr. Wood. Performances such as these mark days of rejoicing in a composer's life. May I ask you to

may also be future, in the extraordinary progress of that modern music which was assuredly inaugurated by Mozart.

There have been certain critics of Richard Strauss, as, in the past, there were certain critics of Richard Wagner, who have objected strongly to any proposition which connects the work of Strauss with musical simplicity. The present writer was, on one occasion, delightfully abused by Mr. Ernest Newman because he insisted upon the essential simplicity of Strauss's "Tod und Verklärung." Mr. Newman went out of his way to point out that Strauss was not complex, but that he was enormously occupied by the actual scoring of his works. On that occasion, of course, Mr. Newman gave himself entirely away. To be simple in your elemental idea is quite a different thing to being simple in the manner in which you work out that idea.

The grandson of the great voice-producer whose centenary was celebrated a few days ago, Mr. Manuel Garcia, gave a Vocal Recital at the Æolian Hall on April 5. He sang two songs by Brahms and three by Purcell with much distinction and with a good deal of tenderness. "Rothé Rosenkospen" was interpreted by him quite sincerely and with no touch of commonplace. It is true that Mr. Garcia did not altogether impress one as being an artist of the highest distinction; but he certainly sings with intelligence, and he never for a moment appears in the capacity of one who has not carefully studied his work. One of the greatest tests that

can be given to a man who desires to be known as the possessor of a brilliant voice is Rossini's famous composition from "The Barber of Seville," in which is included all the praise which attaches to the eternal gossip of all times and of all barbers, "Largo al Factotum": this song Mr. Garcia rendered not quite brilliantly enough, but with excellent feeling and with a good deal of abandonment. Such lines as "La ran la lera, la ran la la!" were not given by him with the complete and almost foolish abandonment which were in the mind of the Italian composer when he set them down upon paper. We scarcely think that Rossini has ever been thoroughly appreciated in the West of Europe. He was, in his instincts and in his sentiments, quite Oriental; he used to drive about Italian cities decked with a pale straw-hat tied round with green ribbons; he was for ever munching jam-tarts; and, as a matter of fact, apart from his work, he might have been a creation in "Alice in Wonderland." Yet one must always remember those early days of his career, when art was all in all to him, and when he was found unconscious beneath the stage after the first performance of "Tancredi." There was the real, the elemental sentiment of art embodied within him; but he seems to have lived his life, as the late Jules Verne described it in his extraordinary work, "Dr. Ox's Experiment," in a sort of early atmosphere of oxygen. His music flew upon the wings of the wind, and, comically enough, flew so fast that it tired out the man who was its guide, its philosopher, its friend. Rossini commanded music less than music commanded him. When the ecstasy of his spirit had died out, he had no feeling except for the continuance of a sense of humour which never left him, even to his last day.

COMMON CHORD.



THE THIRD GENERATION: MANUEL GARCIA, ELDEST GRANDSON OF THE VETERAN MANUEL GARCIA, WHO GAVE A SUCCESSFUL VOCAL RECITAL AT THE ÆOLIAN HALL LAST WEEK.

Mr. Manuel Garcia is the son of Mr. Gustave Garcia, son of the centenarian Professor of Singing, and, naturally enough, has lived his life in the midst of music. He studied the piano and composition at the Royal College of Music, becoming an Associate of the institution in 1898, and studied singing in Paris under M. Bouhy, who advised him to sing in Grand Opera.



HERR KUBELIK SEEKS INSPIRATION AND RELAXATION AT MONTE CARLO. Photograph by Chusseau-Flaviens.

transmit to the eminent conductor and his wonderful band of enthusiastic musicians the expression of my sincerest and warmest thanks for the rare enjoyment given me to-day?" In these words Strauss has practically criticised himself; he has, as a matter of fact, summed up everything that his own most intimate critic could apply to him in words. For, indeed, Mr. Henry Wood seems to understand everything that is not only modern, but which



THE FRENCH STRIKE AN EXCUSE FOR DELAY—THE DUST QUESTION—TYRE ECONOMY—PATCHING INNER TUBES—OPEN MOTORS.

THE strike of French motor-car body-makers, which only continued a few weeks, has quite fluttered the dove-cotes of the English importing trade, or those concerned therein tell you it has. If you have had a French car on order for quite a long time, have been stirred by the delightful weather March and April have given us, have become restive about it, you are met with the unanswerable excuse for non-delivery that the French body-makers' strike is *au fond* of the trouble. And there is nothing to do but wait for our slowly moving body-builders in this country, who are quite busy if they have a dozen on hand, and are so choked up with work that they talk quite mildly of delivery in a couple of months. There is a big opening for some enterprising people who will lay themselves out, and put machinery down to do what the West-End body-builders sneeringly refer to as cheap work, and which will be cheap merely because its production is systematised, organised, and multiplied. The body-cost presses very hardly on the man of moderate means, for it is that purchaser who would be content with a standardised body so long as it was convenient and comfortable.

The dust question is going to be a serious factor when the time for the reconsideration of the present Act under which we drive our cars comes into strenuous being. Then the reckless and inconsiderate driver will have much to answer for, for he will be, in the main, at the bottom of all the trouble that may come therefrom. The rural public are now more or less accustomed to vehicles that move with a little more celerity than those to which they have hitherto been accustomed; indeed, they rather admire them, and, if driving, will pull out of their way, but they will not pardon the tornadoes of dust raised in narrow village-streets by owners of professionally-driven cars, who rush through them without heed. The Club is much to blame for not pressing this point home upon every possible occasion, for its members are in many cases just as guilty as though outside the pale.

The Dunlop Tyre Company has issued "Some Hints upon Tyre Economy" which are so valuable and seasonable that I offer no excuse for borrowing from them for the benefit of my readers, particularly as the advice applies to tyres generally and not to Dunlop tyres in particular. If, says the Dunlop Company, your car has been laid up for the winter, it is prudent to have the tyres removed, thoroughly examined, and renovated for active use. If your car is in constant use, it will pay to keep spare tyres in readiness to exchange for any that may need repair.

A "penny-wise" policy in relation to pneumatic tyres is unquestionably foolish. The old adage, "A stitch in time saves nine," applies, perhaps, more forcibly to pneumatic tyres in wear than to anything else, although you don't stitch them. Even when tyres give outward and visible signs of good condition, it will frequently be found that wet has penetrated to the inside of the rims, causing rust, which, if not removed, will shorten the life of the tyres, rendering them liable to burst at most inconvenient moments.

Minute punctures, cuts, and scratches in outer covers, if skilfully treated, can be prevented from extending. New treads should be fitted before the rubber of the tread has become so worn that the upper layers of the fabric insertions are exposed to wet. Punctured tubes may be temporarily patched with solution, but the earliest opportunity should be taken to have patches vulcanised on by a special process. Speaking personally, I have found the patching of inner tubes on the road to be a very exasperating sort of business. In the first place, it is a nasty, sticky, tedious affair, and, when done, is seldom, if ever, satisfactory. The odds are that, owing to the fact that the repaired tube is replaced in the tyre within some twenty minutes or so of the patch being applied, it slips out of place, and there is all the trouble over again. It is better for one's temper and all concerned to carry two sound, spare inner-tubes in suitable bags and use them to replace damaged goods, a half-hour's job at the most. The punctured tube can be then sent straight off to the factory for vulcanised repair. It is always advisable to get vulcanised repairs done by really responsible people.

There is no doubt that motoring in an open car, not the boxed-up landaulet variety, is a sovereign cure for insomnia, in addition to being a splendid nerve- tonic. I hear of a certain newspaper magnate who inhabits Surrey who keeps a 90 horse-power Mercedes for no other purpose than to fettle himself up for the day's work. He turns out early, before any traffic is abroad, and just dashes over the breadth of two counties to give himself an appetite for his kidneys and coffee and brace him for the strenuous hours that separate him from dinner. Returning to the sleep-inducing effect of motoring,

it is quite remarkable to watch the members of a house-party who have been motoring during the day. It is as much as ever they can do to keep their eyes open after dinner, and the way they disappear while the night is yet young is instructive.



THE EXHIBITION OF MOTOR-BOATS AT MONACO: A GENERAL VIEW.

The exhibition of motor-boats with which the Monaco Motor-Boat Fortnight was inaugurated was opened on Sunday of last week by the Prince of Monaco. Some sixty boats only were on view, although there were 160 entries in the catalogue, the French strikes having delayed the balance of the craft.

Photograph by Branger.



A DRIVER IN THE GORDON-BENNETT SELECTION TRIALS IN THE ISLE OF MAN: MR. SYDNEY GIRLING.



MOTOR-BOATS BY RAIL: ENTRANTS FOR THE RACES AT MONACO ON THE SPECIAL TRAIN WHICH CONVEYED THEM FROM PARIS TO THE SCENE OF THE COMPETITIONS.

The British exhibits are said to have been by far the best, and the first prize was awarded to Mr. Edge's 60 h.p. Napier, a 120 h.p. twin-screw Napier taking a second prize.

THE WORLD OF SPORT

THE CLASSICS—HANDICAPPING—SHORT RACES—FUTURES.

THE Frenchmen are very cocksure about avenging Waterloo this year, and in Paris the opinion prevails that Jardy will win our Two Thousand and Derby. The colt ran like a smasher in the Middle Park Plate, but he is anything as a three-year-old—very good or very bad. Rouge Croix is the best of the Newmarket lot, and if it be true that he is fancied by his owner for the Derby, the colt is very likely to run the Frenchman close for the Two Thousand. Full Cry is spoken well of for the One Thousand, but that race is better left alone until the numbers have gone up. If Jardy wins at Newmarket easily, he will be started single-handed for the Epsom Derby. Here, however, he would meet Cicero, a colt considered by good judges to be the best

of note that none of the swagger stables with good youngsters patronise these new-fangled notions. John Porter, as a rule, keeps his two-year-olds until Ascot; and, in a measure, he is right, for the youngsters are not thoroughly developed until they have had plenty of sun on their coats. So long as four-furlong races are encouraged, two-year-old racing during the first months of the flat-race season will have little charm for plungers. Indeed, one or two of the chief professional backers have not, as yet, touched the two-year-olds this year. The races are now run at top-speed from end to end, with the result that the first off is invariably first home, and the man lucky enough to be able to back 'em in running could spot the winner nine times out of ten, provided always that the jockey was a good one. It is pretty safe to assert that those two-year-olds that have already won this season will not carry top-weights successfully in the nursery handicaps, and many of these are hardly likely to win another race. Why not adopt the French plan and delay two-year-old racing until later in the season?

It is said at Newmarket that Delaunay could not lose the Queen's Prize at Kempton on Easter Monday if started. The horse disappointed me much in the Cambridgeshire, and I, for one, do not think he gave his true running in that race. Big weights are often carried to victory at Kempton by good horses. Catgut, who receives 29 lb. from Mr. Gilpin's horse, must have a big chance if fit; and Andria, with 7 st., is a likely one to get a place, as he was desperately unlucky at Lincoln. There will be a big crowd to see the race, which is one of the prettiest run on this pretty course. Seisdon Prince is, by the talent, booked a certainty for the Lancashire Steeplechase, to be run at Manchester on Easter Monday, and I, for one, cannot see how he can lose, bar accident. For the Great Metropolitan, to be run at Epsom on April 25, Mark Time, despite his weight, will go close, but Karakoul must be there or thereabouts. The latter, by-the-bye, is a veritable Yellow Jack on the flat, as he has several times finished second. Another that will run well in the Metropolitan is Bellivor Tor, who has been through a course of hurdle practice. I



JUMPING EXTRAORDINARY: TAKING A DIFFICULT OBSTACLE AT THE EXHIBITION OF RIDING RECENTLY HELD AT PAU.

seen at Newmarket for a very long time. Sam Darling is not likely to have a dangerous candidate running for the Derby this year; but John Porter has a couple of useful colts engaged in Plum Centre and Polymelus. The master of Kingsclere is an artist at training classic winners, and it would indeed be a stroke of luck should he have anything good enough to beat Flying Fox's famous son. Anyway, the Derby this year will be a big draw; the only matter for regret in connection with the annual is that His Majesty does not possess a candidate good enough to win.

The position occupied by Catty Crag at the finish of the race for the Lincoln Handicap draws attention to the risks handicappers take by letting in old horses too lightly. I suggest that in the early part of the season all horses be weighted on their best and not on their worst form. The late Admiral Rous used to say that if a handicapper was perfect in his work the race would result in a dead-heat between all the runners, and it is just as necessary to give a chance to the plater who is presumably soaring above his class as it is to set the perfect classic performer a difficult task before the spoils are his. Many sportsmen think our big handicaps would be vastly improved if a selling clause were inserted. Thus, horses winning the Lincoln Handicap should be sold for five hundred pounds, and winners of the Jubilee, City and Suburban, and Cesarewitch and Cambridgeshire for a thousand. This would, in a manner, act as a sort of leveller in the matter of the class of the entries. If, in addition to the above, the Clerks of Courses were given the option of claiming any horse before the start, on condition that he ran for the race fixed, we should get better sport, and many of the deep-laid *coups* would be undone. Handicaps are still very popular amongst certain owners, but it is lamentable to note that the cream of the owners never patronise this particular form of racing.

The four-furlong races for two-year-olds are not likely to prove a success, and I shall be surprised if they have a long life. It is worthy



A DEVONSHIRE RIDD: MR. W. H. RIDD, A WELL-KNOWN SPORTING-FARMER.

Mr. W. H. Ridd, despite his bulk (he weighs about 26 stone) is one of the keenest of sportsmen, and is well known in the neighbourhood of his farm, at Challacombe, North Devon.

Photograph by Elliott and Fry.

have had a big tip about Ambition for the City and Suburban. He ran last year as the Pegaway Colt, and was uniformly successful. Indeed, he showed to great advantage over the straight course at Epsom more than once. Nabot is also highly spoken of for the race. He was never better, and, with a straight race free from interference, he would go very close. Nabot is a grey; so was King Charles, who won for Alec Taylor.

CAPTAIN COE.

OUR LADIES' PAGES.

THAT Paris at the moment spells "Paradise" there is not a doubt in the minds of many. The air is clear, bright, sparkling, indescribably different from "over here." The giant magnolias in the Champs-Élysées are in milk-white flower. The insouciant *belle Américaine*, the self-satisfied *dame Anglaise*, in fact, strangers of every kind and condition, are within the gates buying clothes,



[Copyright.]

A CHARMINGLY SIMPLE BALL-DRESS.

thinking clothes, concocting clothes—doing almost everything in connection therewith except wearing clothes. By which one means those ineffable confections that are every day in process of making, for Paris is not, be it understood, a costume-exhibition as far as its streets are concerned, and the true Parisienne keeps her sartorial triumphs for home, or the houses of her friends, and the afternoon drive, but not for walking. Therefore, to see how Paris frocks herself one must visit the exclusive and expensive salons of the smart *couturière*, or, better still, have the *entrée* to some of the many gay sets and cliques into which Society in the Gay City is divided. Shades of mauve, violet, and purple seemed to possess the passing fancy when I was there a week ago, but women, other than those of unimpeachable colour and complexion, should beware the temptations these beguiling but unbecoming tones convey. Girls with what I have heard unkindly called beige-coloured skin—and they are very many—should eschew the simple violet, and dress in tones of brown, or fawn, or dark blue, rather than commit themselves to the clear, pitiless contrast given by tones shading from lavender to purple. The same remark applies to one's other surroundings as well as dress. Walls, furniture, draperies should, as far as possible, harmonise with their owner's appearance, instead of fighting with it, and, indeed, so lovely and artistic in the best sense are colourings and designs of wall-papers, curtain-stuffs, furniture, brocades, and so forth nowadays that it would be a tasteless woman truly who could achieve an ugly house or commonplace environment at the present time.

Still, many remain—there is not a doubt of it—whose ideas or

artistic education are insufficient to teach them to avail themselves of all the opportunities that lie everywhere around. To these, as well as to the most cultured, may be suggested, and suggested emphatically, a visit—many visits—to the Royal School of Art Needlework, in Exhibition Road, South Kensington, where all that is best in modern and mediæval art expresses itself in a hundred ways. There are chairs, tables, dower-chests, coffers of every country and period, genuine antiques, as well as exquisitely faithful copies; brass-ware, leather-work, delicate porcelain, doughty Doulton, and majolica; marvels in lace, old and new. And the embroideries! One pauses for adequate adjectives to describe their fascinations. Bold effects in English Elizabethan crewel-work, magnificent stitchery of Portugal and Italy, landscapes in finest floss, four-post hangings and *couvre-pieds* in colouring and design that only the artist's brain and the expert needlewoman can accomplish—all this and much more is to be seen at the school, where visitors can go freely at all times, which is really a wonderland of charming surprises. When it is added that prices are absolutely low, a further inducement is given to the house-proud matron or the benevolent buyer of wedding or birthday presents. It is, further, useful to know that the entire decoration and furnishing for a house can be undertaken by trained experts, who willingly give their experience and advice



[Copyright.]

A LINEN FROCK FOR EARLY SPRING.

in connection with the small matter as well as the large. Princess Christian may indeed be proud of the Royal School of which she is the active Managing-President. Her Royal Highness has seen it grow from small beginnings to its present important position mainly through her own untiring interest and efforts. The school is quite self-supporting, and yearly helps hundreds of poor gentlewomen whose highly trained skill produces the unrivalled embroideries for which it is so justly celebrated.

Happy are those whose House Beautiful is the prelude to a Garden Beautiful. While most of us own in some sort "our own four walls,"

only the privileged possess that other very real delight to the soul of man, however. Now the man who can convert a couple of acres into a terrestrial paradise, with fountain and fernery, pergola and rose-arch, given taste and knowledge, is a greater than he who builds houses in stone, for, if there is one thing in this occasionally satisfactory world that delights the heart more than all else, it is a lovely, well-arranged garden. Nature does much, but does it twice as well when her efforts are directed. Therefore, in bringing Mr. John White, of The Pyghtle Works, Bedford, and 24, Margaret Street, W., to the notice of those enviable mortals who own roods and perches, and other desirable spots and plots of old Mother Earth, I am doing them a kindness which they should at some future time reward with week-end invitations, for, by a wave of his wand or a corresponding interchange of coin, John P. White can put trellis-arbours, and rosaries, and sun-dials of quaintest design, fairy-like summer-houses, garden-seats of glorified shape and sort, lych-gate pavilions, rustic bridges, and a dozen other aids to beauty which, at small cost, transform a commonplace "patch" into a place of pleasant thoughts and grateful memories—always, once again, with the aid of kind and quickly growing Dame Nature.

SYBIL.

SMALL TALK OF THE BOULEVARDS.

Pierre Wolff. With "L'Age d'aimer," the play in which Madame Réjane has returned to the Gymnase, the theatre in which she made her début, M. Pierre Wolff has scored as great a success, and possibly an even more durable one, than that which "Le Secret de Polichinelle," from which "Everybody's Secret" was adapted, earned for him. Pierre Wolff, who is still in the thirties, is a nephew of the Clement Scott of Paris, Albert Wolff, and the story of the young man's first-produced dramatic effort is a quaint one: Albert Wolff was no upholder of the Théâtre Libre and its ideas, and his nephew had the neat notion of writing a play upon Théâtre-Libre lines, by way of a début, and taking it to his uncle's *bête noire*, Antoine. Antoine produced "Jacques Bouchard," but truth compels the admission that the audience, liking it but little, whistled and hooted like a steam-boat in distress. On the day after its production, Albert Wolff met his nephew. "You young rascal!" he exclaimed; "if I had any fortune, I would disinherit you." "That's not a bad idea," said Pierre. "Under the circumstances, I rather wish you would. Dénéguez-moi tout de même, va! It will look so well in the newspapers."

The Next President. There is a great deal of talk, small and otherwise, with regard to candidates for the Presidency of the Republic, when M. Loubet's term ends next year. M. Loubet has decided definitely that he himself will not be a candidate, and it is now thought that M. Paul Deschanel—"le petit Paul," as Marie Bashkirtseff used to call him—will not press his candidature. M. Deschanel's wife, the daughter of one of the directors of the Crédit Lyonnais, Mr. René Brice, is, though it dates a long way back, of English extraction, and her husband's ambition is to become the French Ambassador in London when M. Paul Cambon retires from that honourable post. It is difficult to imagine any Frenchman, except perhaps M. Cambon himself, more qualified for the position, for M. Paul Deschanel, besides being endowed with real diplomatic gifts, is a scholar and a gentleman, has a perfect knowledge of English, and owns to an extraordinary degree that gift of urbanity which is so valuable an asset to the Ambassador. He is, besides, a personal friend of His Majesty King Edward VII.

Sarah Bernhardt as Ahasuerus. Madame Sarah Bernhardt is producing at her theatre Racine's old tragedy, "Esther," exactly as it was produced in 1689 by the pupils of the famous St. Cyr School, patronised by Louis XIV. and Madame de Maintenon. It is preceded by a curiously interesting *avant-propos* in verse, by M. Jean Sardou, the son of the veteran playwright; and, with the one exception of M. de Max, who will play Louis XIV. in the prologue, all the performers are ladies. Madame Sarah Bernhardt herself plays Ahasuerus; Madame Blanche Dufresne Haaman; Madame Jeanne Méa, Mardochee; and so on. The chorus consists of a hundred and twenty young girls, dressed in the costumes of the St. Cyr School of 1689, and aged from ten to twenty-one.

Two engagements of the first importance are announced—that of Mr. Thomas Coke, heir-presumptive to the venerable Earl of Leicester, to Miss Marian Trefusis, a niece of the Duke of Buccleuch; and that of Lord Northampton's only daughter, Lady Margaret Compton, to Lord Loch. The Cokes hold a unique place in Norfolk, and are on terms of intimate friendship with the Royal Family. Mr. Coke is not yet five-and-twenty, but early marriages are a tradition amongst his kith and kin. Lord Loch is a first-cousin of Lord Lytton. He was on Lord Methuen's Staff in South Africa, and was seriously wounded during the later stage of the War. He succeeded to his Peerage five years ago, but elected to remain in the Service, where he is a valued and active officer. His future wife was one of last year's prettiest débutantes.

THE BARRIE PLAYERS.

TO those who look beneath the surface of the passing plays there is a fact of more than ordinary interest in Miss Irene Vanbrugh's appearance in "Alice Sit-by-the-Fire," at the Duke of York's. Young as she is, she forms the connecting link between Mr. Barrie's first appearance as a dramatist and his most recent. It was in "Walker, London," at Toole's Theatre, where Mr. Barrie's first play was produced, that, amongst the little band of actors, Miss Vanbrugh took a prominent part as Bell Golightly. All unconsciously to themselves, the members of that cast, numbering ten all told, started what may, without exaggeration, be regarded as a Barrie Guild. This has widened and grown with the passage of years.

In the drama, as in everything else, the old order changeth, and it is useless to repine or to lament over the fact that it gives place to the new. It is in that way progress lies, a fact which Shakspeare himself felt when he declared that the end and aim of acting is "to show the age and body of the time its form and pressure." It is by no means improbable that the words were a protest against the too frequent production of the works of the older dramatists, to the exclusion of his own, in just the same way that certain of our own dramatists have complained against the way in which Shakspeare is monopolising the modern stage, to the exclusion of their work. Three centuries hence a similar protest may be raised against Mr. Barrie, an analysis of whose plays shows an undoubted tendency on his part to employ the same actors again and again in the representation of his characters. It is a happy circumstance all round, for the author gains by the fact that the players are in tune, as it were, with the spirit of his work; the players gain in being afforded constant employment for the exercise of their talents; and the public gains by being able to see the parts played in the best possible way. In time, no doubt, there will be a Barrie school of actors, and already clever children, like George Hersee and Ela Q. May, who were Arthur Wellesley Tomson in "Quality Street" and John Napoleon Darling in "Peter Pan," and Liza in "Peter" and the Young Clown in "Pantaloons," respectively, are being educated in the way they will go when they are able to take more important characters fifteen or twenty years hence. Even then Mr. Barrie will still be weaving exquisite fantasies and delightful impossibilities for the entertainment of an audience which, however old it may be, he will always contrive to keep young enough to appreciate his whimsy.

Miss Irene Vanbrugh, who is, so to speak, at the head of the Barrie class by reason of her association with "Walker," has acted in three of the plays, for she was Lady Mary Lasenby in "Crichton" and she is Amy in "Alice." Her record is equalled, but in a more compact manner, by Miss Hilda Trevelyan, who acted Moira in "Little Mary" in the suburbs and provinces, and Moira in "Peter Pan," following it, like Miss Vanbrugh, with her present part in "Alice."

It will, no doubt, be regarded as another injustice to the women that the record of the ladies is overborne by a man, for Mr. Gerald du Maurier has acted the Hon. Ernest Wooley in "Crichton," Lord Rolfe in "Little Mary," Mr. Darling and the Pirate Chief in "Peter Pan," and Pantaloons in the play of that name, while Mr. George Shelton and Mr. Clarence Blakiston come next with three characters each. To Mr. Shelton belongs precedence, for he took the part of Ben in "Walker, London," his other parts being a Recruiting Sergeant in "Quality Street" and Smee in "Peter Pan," while Mr. Blakiston was Davidson in "The Little Minister," the Rev. John Treherne in "Crichton," and Dr. Topping in "Little Mary."

Time has added greatly to the laurels of another actor who acted in "Walker," Mr. Hicks, the Andrew MacPhail, who later on became Valentine Brown, the hero of "Quality Street." An actor who may certainly be regarded as typically imbued with the Barrie spirit is Mr. Henry Vibart, for it was undoubtedly his success as the Rev. Mr. Gibson in "The Wedding Guest" which caused him to be selected to play Terence Reilly.

Other actors who figured in "The Wedding Guest" were Miss Violet Vanbrugh, the Kate Omanney, who was likewise associated with "Walker," for when her sister was out of the bill with Mr. Toole she took her place; Mr. H. B. Irving, the Paul Digby, who later became Mr. Crichton; Miss Dorothea Baird, the Margaret Fairbairn, who became Mrs. Darling in "Peter Pan"; Miss Joan Burnett, the Jenny, who was Tootles in "Peter Pan"; and Mr. Brandon Thomas, the Mr. Fairbairn, who had previously impersonated Thomas Whamond in "The Little Minister."

Amongst Mr. Thomas's comrades in "The Little Minister" was Mr. F. H. Tyler, who had previously acted in "The Professor's Love Story," a play, by the way, which, forming, as it does, part of Mr. Willard's repertoire, has necessarily had many different impersonators for each of the characters, so that probably even Mr. Barrie himself would be unable to name them all with accuracy and precision. Amongst other players who have appeared in two of the plays the name of that most accomplished actress, Miss Nina Boucicault, the heroine of "Little Mary" and the hero of "Peter Pan," naturally occupies a prominent place, while Miss Pauline Chase, one of the children in "Peter," is the Columbine of "Pantaloons," and Miss Fyfe Alexander, who acted the insignificant part of one of the ladies in "Quality Street," was the Lady Millie of "Little Mary," and Mr. A. E. Matthews, *facile princeps* in the impersonation of boys, was the Earl of Plumley in that gastronomical jest, and he is Cosmo Grey in "Alice"; while, finally, there is Mr. Compton Courtts, the Tompsett in "Crichton" and Mr. Deighton in "Little Mary."

CITY NOTES.

The Next Settlement begins on April 26.

THE MARKETS.

FOR various reasons, the markets have been dull, with less business doing. Dissolution fears and the determination of Russia to continue the war have acted as depressing influences, while the passing of the Ind, Coope Preference dividend has helped the Meux affair to upset the Brewery Market. As to the dissolution rumours, we deal with the effect of such an event on the course of business lower down; and as to the war, it is exactly at the moment things look most hopeless that peace is likely to come. Probably, however, Russia will play her last card with the Second Baltic Squadron before acknowledging defeat. When the Japanese have sent this fleet to join the Port Arthur squadron, there will be no use in further prolonging the struggle. Russia is probably right in this, for the whole position would be altered if Admiral Rojdestvensky were to succeed.

In the Kaffir Market all the talk is of the £6,000,000 Syndicate, whose £20 shares are being taken at 5s. premium. It is to be directed by the Kaffir magnates, and appears to have received a warmer welcome in Paris than here. We think that there is little doubt a real effort will be made on the first favourable opportunity to get the public into South Africans again, but the difficulty which presents itself is the amount of stale bulls and investors waiting to realise, who, on the first upward move, swamp the market by their sales.

The Welsbach accounts are made up to the 31st of last month, and the meeting will be held early in May, we believe. Unless the information which reaches us is altogether wrong, the Company will have had a very fair year's trading, and, in addition to the Preference dividend, the Ordinary may expect to get 4 per cent.

We are told, also, that the prospects of Paterson, Laing, and Bruce have considerably improved under the new and more energetic management in Sydney, so that the Preference shares may be worth picking up at the present cheap price. Buyers must not think they have got Consols, of course.

The $4\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. Second Debenture stock of the British Electric Traction Company appears attractive. The issue at present consists of £250,000, and ranks after the £1,300,000 of First Debenture stock and ahead of capital to the extent of £2,900,000, while the price is about 94, we think. The income available for payment of interest was, for the year ending March 31, 1904, £274,730, or, after providing for the First Debenture Stock service, more than enough to pay the Second Debenture stock interest nineteen times over.

THE MESQUITAL GOLD-MINES.

Some months ago, we called attention to these Mexican mines, which were, even then, a promising speculation. The latest mine developments, and the present market movements in the shares, cause us to refer to the subject again. The capital is £100,000, in shares of 5s. each, of which 300,000 are issued and paid up. The mines are situated in the State of Zacatecas, and during recent years £350,000 of gold has been taken from the reef. A battery of fifty stamps is now at work, and the unwatering of the mine is in active progress. When this has been accomplished, the question of whether or not the proposition is to prove a great success or merely a payable concern will be solved. The property is under the management of Mr. Cockerell, a very competent man, and he considers that, with ore averaging about 25s. a ton gross value, he can make a profit of over £30,000 a year. We have seen letters from an entirely independent Englishman, written last month, in which the prospects are referred to in the most optimistic terms, and a discovery of a considerable bulk of payable ore above the main adit is spoken of. The price of the 5s. shares (which were 2s. 6d. a few weeks ago) is about 4s. to 4s. 6d., so that the whole mine is only capitalised at about £70,000, and, for a gamble, there can be no doubt the shares present great attractions.

CONCERNING THE GENERAL ELECTION.

Home as well as foreign politics are now making their influence felt upon markets in the Stock Exchange, and the dulness of Consols, with its overclouding effect upon the investment sections as a whole, is due very largely to the impression that a General Election cannot well be postponed for long. The unsettlement which an appeal to the country always causes to trade throughout the kingdom is one reason for sales of Consols by speculators. Another reason looks farther afield, and takes up the position that the coming of a Liberal Administration must conceivably act as an indirect cause of the war in the Extreme East being prolonged, unless some very strong Minister for Foreign Affairs could be found in the ranks of a new Government. To us this latter argument sounds more than sufficiently far-fetched, but it is discussed in Capel Court with a gravity that it scarcely seems to deserve.

The dislocation of trade is a much more practical reason why prices should be dull, because public interest might easily be led away from the markets for a month or two during the progress, not only of an election, but of the election's preparation and aftermath. Speculation requires continual fresh accession of interest for its successful conduct, and if the public are excited over politics, it is good-bye to hopes of active business for the Stock Exchange, unless the House has something of exceptional attraction to offer in the way of possible money-making. To the unfortunate malady of financial indigestion in the investment markets there is now added the apprehension of a nearly-approaching General Election, and, inevitable though these things may be, they are not liked any the more on that account by a Stock Exchange which loses business because of them.

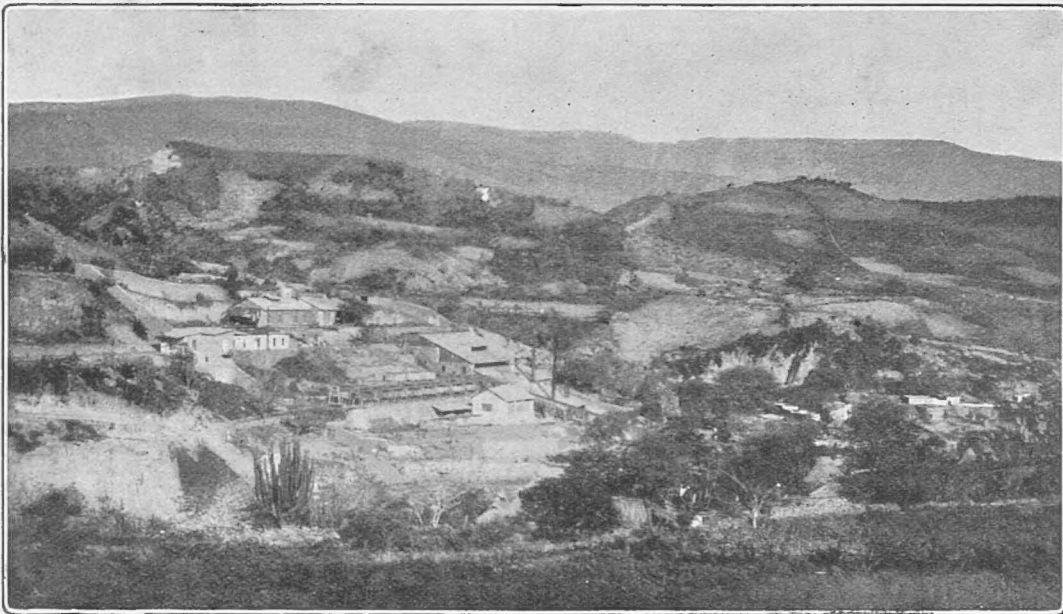
FOREIGN RAILWAY ASPECTS.

To-morrow, Thursday, the Mexican Railway dividend is expected to make its appearance, and if the First Preference stock fails to receive less than 6 per cent. we should say there must be a smart drop in the prices of the group. The notorious faculty of the Mexican Railway Company for providing its supporters with surprises must not be overlooked in considering the situation, but people who can foresee

more than the immediate future entertain little doubt as to the ultimate settlement of the Company upon a basis that shall, at least, give the First Preference its full 8 per cent. The price of this stock came up from 61, which was touched last year, to nearly double that figure, and we shall be surprised if, in the course of time, it does not get to the round hundred and fifty, at which, supposing the full dividend to be paid, the return upon the money will be rather over $5\frac{1}{4}$ per cent. This prophecy may take a year or two in its fulfilling, but its consummation we see no reason to question, provided that the country continues to open out in the way which it is now doing. With the First Preference, Mexican Railway Ordinary and Seconds will, of course, move too. Checks there must occasionally be, even as Buenos Ayres and Rosario Consolidated has lately found. In this latter case, the shake-out may be traced to the judicious, if somewhat painful, weeding-out of weak bulls, who were rendered timorous by the coming of the new issue and the rumoured competition. All things considered, Rosarios are an excellent speculative investment, full of a five-point rise. Next to them, Buenos Ayres and Pacific deserve attention both from the investor and the speculator, who will probably do better in buying these than in running after fancy articles like Costa Rica shares. The tip to buy Cuban Centrals has been very general throughout the past fortnight, but purchasers must remember the Ordinary can hardly hope to see a dividend for another fifteen months; they are therefore very speculative and for sober-minded people. Western Railway of Havana are, perhaps, better value, since, in spite of the return upon the money being just under $4\frac{1}{2}$ per cent., there may be a new issue of shares this spring at a price that will give holders some fair bonus. The 7 per cent. Preference Shares of the North-East Uruguay Railway make an excellent purchase.

KAFFIR QUESTIONS.

For the Kaffir Circus to have been so little affected by the near prospect of a General Election is somewhat remarkable,



THE MESQUITAL MINES AND BUILDINGS.

considering how prices wobbled not long ago by reason of the very same consideration. But the market is being sustained by the impression that the Six Million Syndicate will come to the rescue of Kaffirs if the bears attempt too great liberties with the shares; and the general feeling that prices must go better in the near future is extremely strong. Having been inanimate for so lengthy a period, it is urged that the claims of the market to speculative favour cannot be overlooked for much longer; therefore, Kaffirs will go much better. This train of reasoning takes also to its side all the advantages to accrue to the mines by the gradual improvement of the Chinese labourers, with the consequent reduction in costs of working, and the higher dividends that will thereupon be paid to proprietors. All these arguments are good enough in their way, but they altogether overlook the unpleasant features about the market to which critics have directed attention times without number. We refer, of course, to the eager selling by inside houses directly any sort of a demand springs up from the public; to the issue at absurdly inflated prices of shares in new Companies innocent of prospectuses; to the known passivity—amounting almost to antipathy—on the part of the public whose buying must be the eventual lever with which prices will be raised. The mere idea of the Randfontein Company paying a 30 per cent. dividend is sufficient to provoke a smile, and yet that is the rate which should be distributed—either in cash or shares equivalent to the cash—to justify the price standing in the neighbourhood of 3, because 30 per cent. on the money is not too much to expect from an "investment" of this type. And the public are beginning to look into these things—at dividends and lives and so forth—all of which inquiry is to the good of the general purse, though it may lead to yet further stagnation in the Kaffir Circus.

THE LE ROI RECONSTRUCTION.

We have received a long letter from Mr. James Lawler, of Rossland, on the subject of the Le Roi reconstruction and amalgamation, in which he sets out his views on the proposals with considerable freedom. As the gentleman in question lives on the spot, the views he puts forward must be treated with respect, although his letter is far too long for us to reproduce, to say nothing of the editing it would require to make it suitable. Substantially what Mr. Lawler says may be summed up (as far as we are able to understand his extraordinarily involved sentences) by saying that the evils Le Roi is suffering from consist of over-capitalisation and not too honest management; and he strongly urges that the capital should be reduced by one half, and that the shareholders should be satisfied

with two new £1 shares for each £5 share now held, the balance to be applied in payment of debts and used as working capital. Mr. Lawler is most emphatic against the proposed combine, especially the inclusion of certain coal lands "hundreds of miles away, and to which the title is bad." We have no doubt that, as Mr. Lawler says, the matter is of great interest to a large number of English and Scotch people, and we wish we could make head or tail of much of what he has written, or be sure that the above summary is a correct paraphrase of what he desires to convey.

Saturday, April 8, 1905.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Only letters on financial subjects to be addressed to the "City Editor, The Sketch Office, Milford Lane, Strand, W.C."

Our Correspondence Rules are published on the first Wednesday in each month.

SAFETY.—All your list are good enough; of course, the Mines cannot be classed with the Railways. As to holding or selling your second list, you do not say whether you want advice from the point of view of immediate market movements or investment. The Duck stock is a speculation, and the Railway debentures will be redeemed in ten years at par, so that you ought to put away some of the interest to provide for depreciation. Subject to these observations, there is no reason why you should not hold.

PHILOMATHS.—As you have bought and paid for the shares, you had better keep them. We do not see the value for your money.

F. S.—The people in Paris are supposed to be safe enough, but on the instalment system they always change more than the market-price for the bonds.

MALU.—Yes. The Cotton shares are good, but very high.

ISLE OF WIGHT.—Richard Hill shares are a speculation. The Tramway shares are the sort of thing you want. Why not buy River Plate Gas, James Nelson 7 per cent. Pref., and Cuban Central Railway 5½ per cent. Pref. shares?

MURKIN.—We see two or three things in your list that we do not remember having recommended, and one or two others which are speculations, not investments. (1) James Nelson 7 per cent. Pref., Welsbach Pref., C. A. Pearson Pref., and Buenos Ayres and Belgrano "A" Pref. (2) Great Western Ordinary and Great Central 1889 Pref., Cuban Central Railway Pref., Argentine Great Western Cumulative Pref. (3) Yes, both good to buy. (4) Welsbachs are, of course, speculative, but we think the Pref. good and cheap. (5) Write to Mathieson and Sons, 16, Cuthall Avenue. We think they publish such a thing. (6) "Irredeemable" means that the Company need not pay the stock off. Of course, you can get your money out by selling.

ISCA.—We really cannot speculate on how many years it will be before a dividend can be paid. If the present rate of progress goes on, the stock will appreciate in value from year to year, which is what most people buy it for.

INVESTOR.—Your letter is dated March 3 and the post-mark is April 4. The drawings are fair enough, and you can sell if you want to.

NEPT.—The shares are a good investment; they are comparatively low, because people do not like the liability of £15 a share, which is part of the security for the debentures. The stamps and fees on purchase are 10s. per cent. *ad valorem* on the consideration money and 2s. 6d. transfer-fee. We have sent you the broker's name privately.



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